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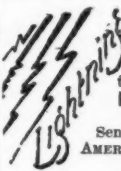
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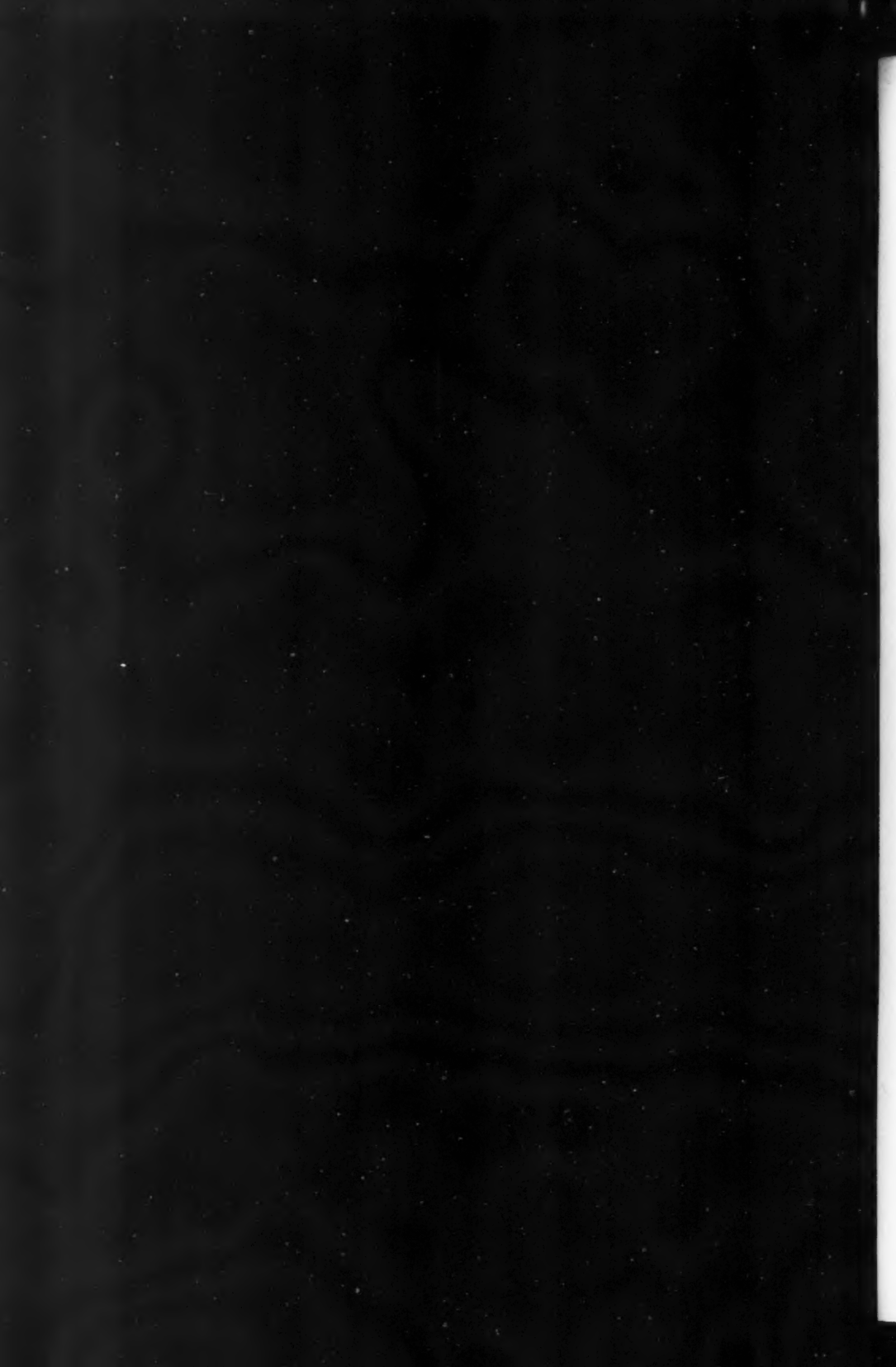
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Vol. CCII.

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LIFE.

THE sun in the sky was rising
And Life set out on his way ;
His shadow — Death — fell behind him,
Before him rose the day.

And the flowers were fresh and blooming
With the dew that fell unseen ;
The sky above was glowing,
The earth beneath was green.

Life was beginning to weary,
When the sun was up on high,
The green began to wither,
The flowers began to die.

And the roses that bloom'd around him
Fell with the glowing heat,
And left the thorny brambles
To tear his aching feet.

The sun in the sky was setting
In heated crimson shade,
The shadow fell before him,
And Life was sore afraid.

And he stooped in fear to kiss it,
But it did not give him pain,
For the sun that knew its setting
Would know its rise again.
Sunday Magazine.

E. W.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A PANTOUM.

AN early dinner after church,
An easy-chair, a cheerful fire,
New books inviting my research —
What more could any one desire ?

An easy-chair, a cheerful fire ;
Just forty winks to rest the eyes —
What more could any one desire ?
Behold, six uninvited flies !

Just forty winks to rest the eyes ;
A rare indulgence is a doze ;
Behold, six uninvited flies,
Baiting my inoffensive nose !

A rare indulgence is a doze ;
Quite wide awake I cannot keep.
Baiting my inoffensive nose,
Flies will not let me fall asleep.

Quite wide awake I cannot keep —
Something is crawling on my brow.
Flies will not let me fall asleep,
A brace is kissing me just now.

Something is crawling on my brow ;
Three flies explore my ear and eye.
A brace is kissing me just now ;
I capture one triumphantly.

Three flies explore my ear and eye,
Two warm their feet upon my cheek ;
I capture one triumphantly,
And well-earned rest in slumber seek.

Two warm their feet upon my cheek ;
I muse on Egypt's plague of yore,
And well-earned rest in slumber seek,
Wishing the flies would cease to bore.

I muse on Egypt's plague of yore,
I nap by fits and wake with starts,
Wishing the flies would cease to bore,
Ere that my leisure hour departs.

I nap by fits and wake with starts ;
Let me arouse myself to read,
Ere that my leisure hour departs.
Why should these madding flies succeed ?

Let me arouse myself to read,
New books inviting my research ;
Why should these madding flies succeed
An early dinner after church ?
Gentleman's Magazine. S. SWITHIN.

IN A COPY OF THE "COMPLEAT ANGLER."

PERCHANCE quaint Izaak (now with God)
would scorn

The fellowship of one who never plied,
By spooming river or the shrill brook's
side,

That craft of which *the true* are free-men
born.

"Vertue and gentleness," alas ! forsworn,
My cheerless days would shame his
brotherhood ;

Yet dear I hold, as he, the secret wood,
The dew-starred fallows, and the fresh May
morn.

Dear you, too, hold them ; yea, and dearer
still

We love this gentle voice that sweetly
breaks

The blank years' hush. As to some
sacred spot,

Here may you somewhiles turn, and rest at
will

When weary time your blithe youth
overtakes,

When I am sped, when I am clean forgot.
Speaker. J. A. NICKLIN.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE ART OF THE NOVELIST.

BY THE LATE AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"A MIXTURE of a lie," said Lord Bacon, "doth ever add pleasure"—in other words, imagination, whether in poetry or prose, lends a charm to fact. That is his meaning, though he might have put it more pleasantly; for fiction is not falsehood. On the contrary, it is the realities of life which too often are fundamentally false; and it is the office of fiction to put those falsehoods right. For, if it be true that art is an endeavor to conform the shows of things to the desires of the mind, then it is surely no less true that fiction is an endeavor to conform the realities of life to the desires of the mind. In this busy world of ours, it unfortunately does not always happen that the good man prospers and the bad man reaps his deserts. Virtue is not uniformly triumphant. The rightful heir does not always come to his own again; and the truest of lovers are not absolutely sure of listening to the music of their own wedding bells at the end of the story. That all the wrongs of life work for justice, even though the operation of that divine law be hidden from us, is what no sane thinker can doubt; but the fact remains that we do see the wrong and the suffering, and we do not always see the retribution or the reward.

Now the world of fiction, whether it be the fiction of the novelist, or the fiction of the dramatist, is a world governed by the law of poetical justice; and herein lies the secret of its eternal fascination. It satisfies our inborn sense of right; it transports us into a purer atmosphere; it vindicates the ways of God to man.

If we turn to the earliest examples of fiction, to stories written by ancient Egyptian scribes three or four thousand years ago, to the fantastic inventions of old Persian and Arab story-tellers, to the *novelle* of the Italian Renaissance, to the cumbrous romances of chivalry which were the delight of European courts from the time of Francis I. downwards, we find them to be con-

structed, one and all, upon the same lines. Vice never goes unpunished, virtue never goes unrewarded, constancy is never unrequited. Orlando may be slain; but he has the supreme consolation of victory. Clorinda may fall mortally wounded; but it is by the hands of her lover. Juliet may drain the poisoned flask; but she rejoins Romeo, and death cements their everlasting union. In that world of fiction, as in the world of fact, there is sorrow, and parting, and death; but there is no ignoble failure. The good are wholly good, the great are wholly great. No petty motive, no passing shade of selfishness, no moment of unworthy hesitation, dims the pure mirror of their souls. In short, there never was a time or a country, or a condition of society, in which the art of the story-teller did not go hand in hand with honor and valor and greatness of soul; or in which the reverse would have been tolerated. And if, in our own day, and not very far removed from our own shores, there has of late sprung up a depraved school of so-called realistic fiction, even that school, while delighting to depict vice, does not, I imagine, depict it as a thing to be honored and imitated. I am not myself acquainted with the productions of that school, and I cannot, therefore, speak on this unpleasant subject in accents of authority; but the direct inculcation of vice by means of fiction is a phenomenon which the world, I believe, has never yet beheld.

Fiction, in short, whether in its rudest beginnings or at its highest point of development, is a striving after ideal good. In other words, it is an endeavor to conform the realities of life to the desires of the mind.

But you will perhaps tell me that I am placing the story-teller's humble trade upon too lofty a pedestal; that "motley is his only wear;" that it is his function to amuse, and that when he insists, not only upon adorning a tale, but upon pointing a moral, he ceases to amuse, and becomes, instead of a good story-teller, a dull preacher, I am heartily of that opinion. The didactic nov-

elist is, to my thinking, the most intolerable of literary bores; and if I might legislate for him and his brethren, I would deport them all to some undiscovered island, and condemn them to read their own stories to each other for the term of their natural lives. It is not for the didactic story-teller, with his tag of moral ostentatiously tacked on at the end of the last chapter, that I am pleading. It is for the fiction which makes for ideal good, for that beauty which is truth, and that truth which is beauty. I am, above all, anxious to show you that it is upon this simple creed that the art of the novelist has been based from a time which is probably coeval with the dawn of literature.

One of the most ancient examples of fiction in the world, one which has survived the rise and fall of many an ancient and many a modern empire, is an Egyptian romance entitled "*The Tale of the Two Brothers*." We have the original manuscript in the British Museum. It is written on nineteen sheets of papyrus, in a fine hieratic hand, and it was penned some three thousand two hundred years ago by a Theban scribe named Eunnana. This Eunnana was librarian of the palace to King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus; and he appears to have written the tale by order of the treasurer, for the entertainment of the crown prince, Seti-Merenptah, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. This prince has signed his name in two places on the back of the manuscript, these being probably the only autograph signatures of any Egyptian king which have come down to our time. This most venerable and precious document was purchased in Italy by Madame d'Orbiney, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British Museum; and it is now known as the D'Orbiney Papyrus.

The story begins exactly like an old-fashioned fairy-tale:—

There were two brothers, children of one mother and one father. Anpu was the name of the big brother, and Betau was the name of the little brother. Now Anpu he had a house and a wife, and his little

brother lived with him as his serving-man. It was Betau who drove the cattle to the fields, and tilled the ground. It was he who threshed the corn and did the field work. It was he who drove the cattle to the pasture-land and tilled the ground, for this little brother was a good laborer, and he had not his equal in all the country. He followed his cattle every day, and he came back to the house every evening loaded with the produce of the fields. And he brought the produce, and placed it before his big brother in the place where he sat with his wife. And he ate, and drank, and he slept in the stable with his good beasts. And when the day dawned, and he had baked the bread, and placed the loaves before his big brother, he would take some bread with him to the fields, and drive his cattle to the meadow. And as he went behind them, they would say to each other: "There is good grass in such a place." And he, understanding what they said, would take them to the pasturage which they coveted. Hence, the cattle which were his charge became big and sleek, and multiplied greatly after their kind.

This is a simple, unvarnished picture of life in Egypt three thousand years ago. The parents of these two brothers were dead, and Anpu stood to Betau in the position of both father and master. Betau lived a hard life. He did not even sit at his brother's board. He ate and drank and slept in the stable with his beasts; and he not only sowed and reaped and threshed his corn, but he made and baked the bread. He was, in fact, little better than a slave. This shows a purely patriarchal condition of society, and it is historically valuable, inasmuch as it gives us a glimpse of the home-life of the fellah in the time of the Pharaohs. That the cattle should talk, and that Betau should understand their speech, is quite natural in a story of this class, for Anpu's farm is in the pleasant land of folk-lore; and in the land of folk-lore, as we all know full well, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are gifted with that "discourse of reason" which Hamlet denied to them. A word, too, about the distinction between these two brothers. Anpu is the big brother, and Betau is the little

brother ; but this does not mean that Anpu is a man of more inches than Betau. On the contrary, Betau was evidently a stalwart son of the soil, and he did the work of half-a-dozen laborers. "Big" and "little" are here used in the simple nursery sense of "elder" and "younger," a sense in which we ourselves occasionally employ the word "great." The French "grand-père" is really "big father." We say "grandfather," which, though a literal translation, gives a different color to the phrase. But when a yet earlier generation is in question, we revert to the primitive idiom, and say "great-grandfather," which is simply "big-big-father," and is good Egyptian.

And when the season had come for tilling the ground, his big brother said to Betau : "Go, make ready our gear, for the waters have gone down, and the land is good for tillage. Go thou to the field with the seed, and we will go to work to-morrow morning." So said he. And the little brother did all that which his big brother had bidden him do. And when the next day came, they went into the field with their team ; and they got to work ; and their hearts were glad, very glad ; and they labored all day long, without halting even to rest.

After this, the story goes on to tell how the big brother's wife falls in love with Betau, who is horror-stricken, and upbraids her fiercely. Hereupon she foully maligns him to Anpu, who becomes "as a panther of the south," and sharpens his knife that he may slay his little brother, when Betau shall return from the field at close of day. But the faithful beasts lift up their voices, and warn Betau of his peril ; whereupon he flies for his life, pursued by his elder brother. Suddenly a broad river, swarming with crocodiles, flows in between them. Awed by this miracle, and touched by the protestations of Betau, Anpu is at last convinced of his little brother's innocence, and at the same time of his wife's perfidy. So he goes home and slays her, and casts out her body to the dogs ; but Betau, self-exiled, goes away to a place called the Valley of the

Acacia, where he lives by the chase. By and by, however, the gods take compassion upon him, and create a beautiful damsel to be his bride and share his solitude ; and Betau loves her dearly. One day, when he is out hunting, the river rises and pursues her. She escapes, but not before the acacia-tree has seized a lock of her hair, and thrown it into the stream. This lock of hair is carried by the current to Memphis, where it is fished up by one of the king's officers, who conveys it to Pharaoh himself. Now the perfume of the tress was so delicious that the king summoned his scribes and magicians, and they told him that it belonged to a daughter of the gods. Hereupon the king sent out messengers to north, south, east, and west, that they might find this maiden of divine birth. But when they came to the Valley of the Acacia, Betau slew them all. Then Pharaoh despatched more messengers, and many archers and armed charioteers, and with them a woman, who tempted the wife of Betau to be faithless to her husband, and become the wife of the king of Egypt. And she went, and the king saw her and loved her, and made her his queen ; and all the land of Egypt was glad. After this, Betau goes through many surprising adventures ; is twice killed, and twice comes to life again, the first time as a bull, and the second time as a persea-tree. Lastly, he becomes reincarnate in human form, and ends by killing his perjured bride, and becoming king over all the land of Egypt.

I have given but the barest outline of this curious tale. It has, however, been admirably translated into French by Professor Maspero ; into German by Brugsch and Ebers, and into English by Birch, Goodwin, and Le Page Renouf. It has also been made the subject of a comparative study by Mr. W. N. Groff, a young American Egyptologist of some distinction ; and it has recently been published in facsimile, with critical notes and a transcription into hieroglyphic characters, by Professor Moldenke, of New York. From these and other

translations, those who desire to become better acquainted with one of the oldest fictions in the world may take their choice.

The story, however, is not one story, but two. The first part, the pastoral narrative which depicts the life of Anpu and Betau, is a tale complete in itself. The Valley of the Acacia to which Betau betakes himself is the Valley of the Shadow of Death. To go thither is to die; and Anpu mourns his faithful and devoted "little brother" when it is too late. A more simple story was never written, yet it contains the elemental stuff of which all the romantic literature of after ages was compounded—love, treason, jealousy, vice, virtue, murder, remorse. And, above all, his beauty and goodness and the pathos of unmerited suffering are in its pages; and it brings with it a breath of those far-off days, "when love and all the world was young."

The second part of the story, the fantastic adventure of "the daughter of the gods," the transformations of Betau, and his resurrection as king of Egypt, is clearly a later addition. The tale of Anpu and Betau bears the impress of extreme antiquity. It may be as old as the hieratic script in which it is written, it may be as old as the Pyramids; but the sequel is stamped with the taste of the Ramesside period, when extravagant incidents were the literary order of the day, and idyllic simplicity was out of fashion. It may be that this sequel was written by the worthy librarian of King Merenptah, though, more probably, his was a work of dovetailing and adaptation. As, however, the skilful use of scissors and paste is known in polite language as editing, we will say that Ennana edited "The Tale of the Two Brothers."

That the ancient Egyptians were novelists and readers of novels was what no one suspected till Madame d'Orbiney purchased her famous papyrus in 1857. The Egyptologists of Europe were, in fact, fairly scandalized to find that these "grave and reverend signiors," whose mummies were so eminently respectable, had tastes as

frivolous as our own. Since that time many more specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have come to light, tales of adventure by land and sea, tales of enchantment and magic; even historical romances and ghost stories.¹ These discoveries have cast a new light upon the early history of literature. They show us that Egypt was not only the birthplace of all our arts and all our sciences, but that the Valley of the Nile was in truth the cradle of romance. It was from Egyptian sources that Herodotus derived many a narrative which he innocently accepted for fact and repeated as history; and it is from these sources that the Arab storytellers of the Middle Ages drew many an incident familiar to us all in the pages of "The Thousand and One Nights." "The Shipwrecked Mariner"² (who, by the way, performs the astonishing feat of sailing up the Nile as far as Nubia, and thence gaining the open sea) is cast, like Sindbad the Sailor, upon an island peopled by serpents. General Tahuti, in a story called "The Taking of Joppa,"³ introduces his soldiers into the beleaguered city by means of a stratagem less successfully attempted in after-ages by the "Forty Thieves," that is to say, he conceals a certain number of men in big jars which are carried by others of their comrades, disguised as captives laden with booty. Once inside the gates, the pretended captives liberate the soldiers in the jars, and take possession of Joppa and its inhabitants.

In "The Story of the Doomed Prince,"⁴ whose father isolates him in a castle on the top of a mountain in order to defeat the fulfilment of a fatal prophecy, we recognize the central incident of the tale of "Prince Agib, the third Royal Mendicant;" and in the story of Rhodopis, as told by Herodotus, the Egyptian original of Cinderella and the little glass slipper.

¹ An English translation of certain ancient Egyptian tales, in illustrated form, will shortly be issued by Professor Flinders Petrie.

² From a twelfth dynasty papyrus.

³ From a papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty.

⁴ From the same papyrus as "The Taking of Joppa."

Magic plays an important part in most of these old Egyptian tales, those who are learned in the Black Art being able to change themselves at will into birds, beasts, or trees. Hence, probably, the transformations and sorceries which so abound in "The Thousand and One Nights." Hence, too, perhaps, the taste for similar incidents which colors the early Greek and Latin romances.

We modern novelists are well pleased when our stories find favor in many lands, and are translated into many tongues, but if tried by this test, the second part of "The Tale of the Two Brothers" throws all our modern successes into the shade. We find it reproduced in every age and in every civilized land. In France, as a fairy-tale; in Italy, as one of the stories of the "Pentamerone"; in Germany, in Hungary, in Russia, in Lithuania, in Roumania, in Albania, in the Peloponnesus, in Asia Minor, in Abyssinia, and even in India, it appears and reappears as a popular story current on the lips of the people. Betau is always betrayed and persecuted by a woman, is killed and comes to life again as a horse, as a bull, as a cherry-tree, as an apple-tree, and so forth. The horse is beheaded and the cherry-tree springs from a drop of his blood. The bull is slaughtered, and the apple-tree which bears golden apples shoots forth from his head. The wicked woman is always a princess; and Betau, whatever his nationality or station, invariably ends by slaying the sorceress, and becoming king over all the land. Other incidents in the original Egyptian tale, incidents necessarily omitted in my brief summary, crop up in a variety of Asiatic myths and legends. To enumerate them would be tedious; but I have said enough to show that Betau has been pursued by his evil genius through some fifty or sixty centuries, and become nationalized in many a land unknown to the ancients. These cannot be mere coincidences. The armies of the great military Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth Egyptian dynasties occupied the known

world of their time, and the stories which went round their camp fires by night were carried farther, we may be certain, than even the terror of their arms. The Phœnician traders who brought the products of Tyre and Sidon, of Cyprus and Crete, to the markets of Memphis, took back with them to Syria and the islands of the Ægean not only the amulets, and ivories, and woven fabrics of Egypt, but the folk-lore of the Nile Valley. Repeated from lip to lip, from land to land, these oldest of popular tales were carried like the thistle-down by every wind that blew, and took root on every shore. They have even been known to come back, like home-sick wanderers from Europe to Egypt. In 1882 when Professor Maspero brought out his volume of "*Contes Egyptiennes*," translated from the original papyri into most charming French, he included in that collection the well-known story of Rhampsinitus and the robbers, as told by Herodotus. Three years later, he was startled to find an Arab version of this tale circulating among the natives of various villages in Upper Egypt. The thing was so strange that he determined to sift it to the bottom. At last he discovered that an Italian gentleman living in Erment had good-naturedly been reading some of these very "*Contes Egyptiennes*" to his Arab neighbors, rendering them from the French into vulgar Arabic as he went along. Now, your Arab is a born story-teller. He hears a tale but once, and it lives in his memory as though printed on his brain. So these Arabs of Erment had repeated the history of King Rhampsinitus to the Arabs of Luxor, and the Arabs of Luxor had repeated it to the Arabs of Nèggadeh, and so it had travelled from village to village. By this time, it is doubtless as popular in every part of modern Egypt as it was in ancient Egypt when Herodotus jotted it down in his notebook.

That this story should have been resuscitated in the Nile Valley more than twenty centuries after the language in which it was written has been

dead, buried, and forgotten, is a very interesting fact; and that it should in the first place have travelled from Egypt to Greece, and thence, in a later age, have come home again to Egypt by way of Paris, is really one of the curiosities of literature.

I fear that I have lingered too long beside the pleasant waters of the Nile; but the fact that novels and tales were written by the scribes of Egypt before Hebron and Zoan were founded, is indeed very extraordinary. And we must remember that these ancient romances are the parent-source of all the light literature of mediæval and modern times. The great Mesopotamian nations had, apparently, no school of fiction. The clay cylinders and tablets of Borsippa, of Warka, of Babylon, of Nineveh, have as yet yielded nothing in the shape of a popular tale or a popular song. Legends of gods and heroes, chronicles of victories, cold-blooded records of hideous tortures inflicted on prisoners of war, calendars, contracts, accounts, magical formulæ, and the like, have come down to us in abundance from the libraries of these grim, practical, and eminently disagreeable people; but nothing, absolutely nothing, which brings them into touch with ourselves upon the common ground of imagination or sympathy. When, therefore, we lose sight of fiction in Egypt, we lose sight of it for a long time in the East, and follow it to the West, to Greece and to Rome.

The loves and wanderings of Dinias and Dercyllis by Antonius Diogenes, the "Babylonica" of Jamblichus, the "Theagenes and Charicles" of Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, the "Daphnis and Chloe" of Longus, and "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, are the most celebrated fictions of the classic age; but they are very dull reading, and I cannot conscientiously recommend them. It is not, in fact, till we reach the middle of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that the age of romance can be said to begin. And what a beginning! The long, sterile night of the Middle Ages was barely over. The monasteries of Europe and the

Levant were the last homes of learning; and the Renaissance of art had but just dawned in Italy. Then, suddenly, as suddenly as the spring breaks in Siberia, "the shores of old Romance" blossomed from East to West with a luxuriance which has no parallel in the history of literature. The popular tales of Persia and Arabia in the East, the "*Gesta Romanorum*," the romances of chivalry, and the Italian *novelle* sprang up side by side with the *fabliaux* and the romantic epic in the West; and straightway the air was full of magical voices, and every forest was haunted, and genii and ghouls, pilgrims and paladins, Charlemagne and Arthur, the Cid and Haroun-al-Raschid took possession of the imagination of the civilized world. For those who loved adventures by land and sea, combats with giants, aerial flights on the backs of griffins, and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of every impossible kind, there were the veracious histories of "Ogier the Dane," of "Tristan of Lyonesse," of "Parsifall and Perceforest," and "Lancelot du Lac;" while for those who preferred love-stories, and merry conceits, and bitter jests of the failings of abbots and friars, there were the tales of Boccaccio, Bandello, and Sacchetti, the "*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*," and a host of similar collections. How lively a picture we may conceive of the warmth and light which this flood of romantic fiction brought into the life of the upper and middle classes of England and Italy, France and Spain! The châtelaine in her lonely bower, the knight in his camp, the burgher in his chimney corner, were alike carried away by the fancied perils and triumphs, sorrows and joys, of their favorite heroes and heroines. Francis the First, paying the penalty of rash valor in his prison at Madrid, passes hours of rapture over the adventures of "Amadis of Gaul." His sister, Marguerite of Navarre, amuses her leisure hours by writing the "Heptameron," in imitation of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. In England, the "Morte d'Arthur" is printed by Caxton, as he himself tells us, at the urgent

desire of "many noble and dyvers gentlemen of this realm;" and Wynken de Worde, Copland, and others of his successors, go on printing and reprinting it. For the "Morte d'Arthur" was to England what the Charlemagne cycle was to France, and "The Cid" to Spain. It breathed the spirit of chivalry, of gallantry, of religion, which, as it has been well said by Hallam, are "the three pillars that support the literature of the Middle Ages." We can enjoy the "Morte d'Arthur" to this day in the quaint old English of Sir Thomas Malory; but the bulk of the romances of chivalry are inexpressibly fantastic, tedious, and extravagant. I doubt if any of us could now read "Amadis de Gaul," or "Tirante the White," or indeed any of those works which adorned the library of Don Quixote. They turned the brain of that worthy knight, and I doubt not that a severe course of the same reading would do the same for us.

To the age of knights and giants succeeded the age of Dresden china, when romance was nothing if not pastoral. Every hero is now a shepherd and every heroine a shepherdess. The season is always spring, the topic is always love, and it is a world of pink and blue ribbons, lambs and kids, crooks, pipes, and kisses. In Spanish, the "Diana" of George de Montemayor; in French, the "Astrée" of D'Urfé; in English, "The Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sydney, may be styled the three typical works of this school. There are charming passages in "The Arcadia," and it is written to a stately measure, like the accompaniment to a *pavane*; but I question whether it has been really read by any one save Dunlop and Hallam during the present century, and I do not believe that it will ever be read through again.

Yet I would rather be condemned to a severe course of Sir Philip Sydney and his school than to even a light *régime* of Madame Scudéri and her compeers. Her school was the school of heroic romance, and the heroic romance — stilted, affected, and intolerably tedious — was the degenerate

descendant of the romance of chivalry. In these masterpieces of dulness, which were the delight of the *beaux* and *précieuses* of the Hotel Rambouillet, Roman emperors and Saracen emirs, Persian monarchs and Ethiopian sultans, Alexander, Ponce de Leon, Cleopatra, Boabdil, Darius, and Coriolanus figure in bewildering juxtaposition. But who is there to-day that knows the "Polexander" of Gomberville, or the "Cassandra" of Calprenide, even by name? Have any of us read the "Almahide," or the "Clélie," or the "Cyrus" of Madame Scudéri? They were great books in their day, but they are only big books now. "Polexander" was six thousand pages long; "Cassandra," and "Cyrus," and "Clélie" each filled ten stout octavos. Poor Madame Scudéri! It is impossible not to feel kindly towards her — she took so much pains to be learned, she took so much pains to be elegant, she took herself and her romances so seriously; and at ninety she had the mortification of outliving her immortal reputation, and of being mercilessly ridiculed by Boileau.

I will not attempt to conduct you through the dismal desert of the next century of romance. It is a desert relieved here and there by a spring and a date-palm, but otherwise wearisome exceedingly. I will but name "Gil Blas," "La Nouvelle Héloïse," the delightful fairy-tale of Perrault, "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," "Clarissa Harlowe," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and our well-beloved "Robinson Crusoe." Does "poor Robin Crusoe" indulge in too many moral reflections? Is "Clarissa" just a little tedious? Could we spare, say two-fifths, of "Gil Blas," and the rest? Nay, then, let us try to look at them through our great-great-grandmothers' spectacles, rather than with the critical double eyeglasses of to-day. Let us be to their faults of taste a little blind, and, above all, let us gratefully acknowledge that they inaugurated the era of simplicity and truth.

And now, at one step, we come to

the creator of the great modern school of English fiction—to the author of “Waverley.” His single figure, the figure of Scott the novelist, filled the entire stage of prose romance during the first thirty years of our century. To his contemporaries that figure seemed colossal. There were many who likened it to that of Shakespeare himself. Viewed from our present standpoint it is no longer colossal, and no one would now place the author of “Waverley” on the same plane with the author of “Hamlet;” yet we must never lose sight of the fact that Scott was not only the founder of our school, but that he was himself that school for more than a quarter of a century. Shakespeare, take him for all in all, was the greatest master of passion and poetry that the world has seen. We could name twenty of his sonnets any one of which is worth all the rhymed romances of the writer of “Marmion.” In one scene from “Macbeth,” or “Lear,” or “Othello,” Shakespeare rises to such heights of tragic insight as Scott could never have scaled. It is not in these loftiest and rarest of all attributes that Scott is to be even distantly compared with Shakespeare; but, if at all, it is in his fertility, his grasp of complex humanity at so many different periods, and under such a variety of circumstances. Merely to rehearse the names of certain of his novels is to set in motion a series of magnificent historical pageants in which the actors are not only clad in their habits as they lived, but are creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves. Such are “Ivanhoe,” “The Talisman,” “Quentin Durward,” “The Fortunes of Nigel,” “Woodstock,” “Kenilworth.” Living, as Scott lived, in the most picturesque capital of modern Europe, surrounded by the old historic buildings which had witnessed all the most stirring episodes of the national life of Scotland, he found his material ready to his hand. He was literally “the Heir of the Ages.” The Tolbooth and the Canongate, Holyrood and Arthur’s Seat, the squalid splendor of the Old Town, the proud memories

of the Castle Hill, were they not all his? And had they not been waiting for him ever since the fatal night when Prince Charlie gave his last State ball in the panelled gallery which no Stuart ever trod again? Given these, given his boyish surroundings, given his in-born passion for minstrelsy and legend, and his strong archæological bent, it would have been a marvel if Scott had not worked the rich mine which lay so near the surface of his native soil.

Whoso would do fullest justice to Sir Walter Scott’s cycle of stories must go to Edinburgh. It is not till one has looked over to Leith and down to Holyrood from the castle battlements that one realizes how all these captains and fighting-men, those sturdy burghers, and preachers, and baillies, and hot-blooded Scotch lords, and passionate partisans, are no mere shadows projected upon a background of painted canvas; but portraits, portraits of men who once lived and died, and who, in a sense, are living now. Scott’s characters are not profound. Their depths are easily sounded. They know no obstinate questionings of the unseen; their souls are not overshadowed by “the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world;” but they love, they hate, they fight, hunt, feast, traffic, and cut one another’s throats in a supremely natural and hearty way. In a word, they are thoroughly human, and not a little commonplace. And it is precisely these qualities, their humaneness, their commonplaceness, together with the correctness of their costumes and the verisimilitude of their surroundings that have made their prosperity.

Now, I will own that I am no friend to the historical novel. I hold that it is built upon radically unsound foundations, and that it is next to impossible for any novelist truthfully to depict the men and manners of the far past. It is not enough that his archæology is strictly correct. It is not enough to say that human nature is but human nature, and must therefore be in every age the same. Human nature is not in every age the same. The fine

fibre of the conscience vibrates to one note in one century, and to another note in another century. Novels which portray the costumes and tricks of speech of a former age, but which at the same time falsify the life of that age by suppressing its grossness, its cruelty, and its debauchery, are the most *whistorical* of novels. They mislead more than they teach. The real historical novel is, to my thinking, the novel which paints the living world about us. Our models are before our eyes; and faithfully to depict the social and public life of men and women as they are, to study, not merely their actions, but their motives, to seize the spirit of our time, and to hand it on to future generations, that, I venture to think, is history of an invaluable kind. Are not Scott's modern stories, after all, those in which his great powers rise to their highest level? Do we not love best his "Guy Mannering," his "Heart of Midlothian," and his immortal "Antiquary"? What would we not give for an unbroken succession of such novels beginning, say, from the time of the invention of printing! And think, only think, what a treasure of information as to the home-life, the standard of culture, the habits, manners, amusements, and occupations of the people of our own time is laid up for the use of future historians in the novels of George Eliot, of Balzac, of Erckmann and Chatrian, of Henry James, of William Dean Howells, of Mrs. Oliphant, of Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and of Thackeray!

These last three are essentially representative writers of what I should like to call the historical novel of contemporary English life. They wrote at the same time. They had an absolutely parallel experience. The same clubs, the same drawing-rooms, the same parks, streets, and places of public amusement were familiar to all three. And yet with what different eyes they viewed the social structure of their time!

Dickens was essentially a caricaturist. Trollope was an admirable portrait-painter. Thackeray was a

clairvoyant. Or, to put it differently, Dickens depicted his fellow-men as they are not; Trollope presents them as they appear to the world; Thackeray reads them through and through.

As a humorist pure and simple, Dickens has no rival in English fiction; and it is as a humorist that he will hold his place in the literature of his country. I fear we must admit that his pathos is stagey, and that his sketches of society are grossly exaggerated. But the immortality of the *Iliad* is not more assured than that of "Pickwick."

In this triumvirate—Dickens, Trollope, Thackeray—I would assign a very prominent place to the author of "Framley Parsonage." He was himself a typical Englishman, bluff, hearty, straightforward; passionately fond of field sports, yet at the same time a thorough man of business, and a thorough Londoner. He was intimately conversant with the life and haunts of the upper and upper middle classes; and he had a very considerable knowledge of Parliamentary life, and of Parliamentary men. Also he made an exhaustive and affectionate study of the British parson; and the British parson, till Anthony Trollope took him in hand, was an unexplored field of research, notwithstanding that Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose are dear to us. Now, the British parson plays a very important part in English national life, especially in country parishes and provincial towns, and until the publication of "Barchester Towers," he had been treated by our novelists as a mere lay figure. But in Anthony Trollope's hands he became one of the most life-like characters in fiction. The meek domestic chaplain, the starving curate, the hunting rector, the courtly archdeacon, the henpecked bishop, and a hundred others throng "thick and fast" upon our memory. It is a portrait-gallery in which no one canvas is exaggerated, and in which caricature has no place. And herein lies the secret of Trollope's strength. He never exaggerates. He has humor; but he never allows it to run away with him. He has pathos; but it is a manly pathos,

reserved and self-contained, with no suivelling in it, and no display of white pocket-handkerchief. There is no more tragic figure in fiction than the Reverend Mr. Crawley, nor any more tragic situation than that in which he is placed by the disappearance of the twenty-pound-note. Yet with how few touches and in what sober tints it is painted! As with his tragedy, so it is with his pathos. It is as the pathos of life itself. Do you remember that scene in "He Knew He was Right," where Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley receive a telegram from their married daughter in Italy, to say that her mad husband is "much worse," and to ask that his old friend, Hugh Stanbury, should go out to her? Besides this married daughter, Sir Marmaduke and my Lady had three other daughters—Sophie, Lucy, and Nora; and Nora and Hugh Stanbury were lovers. But Hugh was poor; and Sir Marmaduke withheld his consent. The situation, consequently, was awkward. However, Stanbury is summoned; and he at once says that he is willing to go—ready to start by the next Continental train. Many things are hurriedly arranged, and then comes "good-bye."

"I will send a message directly I get there," says the young man, holding Lady Rowley by the hand.

"God bless you, my dear friend," said Lady Rowley, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Good-night, Sir Marmaduke," said Hugh.

"Good-night, Mr. Stanbury," replied Sir Marmaduke stiffly.

Then Hugh gave a hand to the two girls, each of whom sobbed, and looked away from Nora. Nora was standing apart, by herself, holding on to her chair, and with her hands clasped together. She had prepared nothing—not a word, not a thought, for his farewell. But she had felt that it was coming. If he could say farewell with a quiet voice, and simply with a touch of the hand, then she would do the same. Nor had he prepared anything. But when the moment came, he could not leave her after that fashion. He stood a moment, hesitating—not approaching her—and he merely called her by name,—

"Nora!"

For a moment she was still—for a moment she held by her chair—and then she rushed into his arms.

He did not care much for her father now; but he kissed her hair, and her forehead, and held her closely to his breast.

"My own, own Nora!"

It was necessary that Sir Marmaduke should say something.

"Mr. Stanbury," he said, "let it be so. I could wish for my child's sake, and also for your own, that your means of living were less precarious."

And thus Sir Marmaduke's opposition was withdrawn at last.

Now, this is a very simple little scene; but I protest I know none of which the simplicity is more natural, or more touching.

To find a parallel to it, I must turn to the pages of an author whom we know as intimately, and hold, I venture to think, in as much affection as his own countrymen. The time is morning, just after breakfast, and the place is Boston. The schoolmistress is going to her daily work, and he whom they call "The Autocrat" walks with her part of the way. Presently they come to the Common where the paths divide; and there is one which they call "the long path."

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this long path that morning [says the Autocrat]. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—

"Will you take the long path with me?"

"Certainly," said the schoolmistress, "with much pleasure."

"Think," I said; "think before you answer. If you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more."

The schoolmistress stepped back, with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by—the one you may still see there, close by the gingko-tree.

"Pray sit down," I said.

"No, no," she answered softly. "I will walk the long path with you."

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking arm-in-arm, about the middle of the long path, and said very charmingly, "Good-morning, my dears."

This is all. Not another word; and it is the shortest, the simplest, the prettiest little love-scene that I know.

And Thackeray? I have spoken my mind very freely about them all; I have had the courage of my opinions. Shall I not say exactly what I think of the author of "Vanity Fair," of "Esmond," of "The Newcomes"? Am I to speak without hesitation, without reserve?

Well, then, I think he is the greatest master of fiction the world has ever seen. As I have said, he read his fellow-creatures through and through. The human heart had no secrets for him. All its weaknesses, all its littlenesses, all its tendernesses, were open to him. No man had a more passionate loathing of all that is base, or a more passionate admiration of all that is lofty, simple-minded, and loyal. I am lost in amazement when I hear it said that Thackeray is a cynic. What is it then to be a cynic? Is it to uphold the sanctity of love, of honor, of truth? Is it to paint a heart attuned to such unselfish chivalry as the heart of Major Dobbin? or a life of such heroic self-abnegation and stainless honor as that of Henry Esmond? or to show, not by precept, but by the example of Colonel Thomas Newcome, how good it is to be faithful and honest, to be brave and humble, to love God, and to be in charity with all men? I have searched his pages in vain for Thackeray's cynicism. I have found only his infinite sympathy with all that is best, or even second best, in his erring fellow-men. He is the most human of humanists, and as often as not, when there is a jest on his lips, there are tears in his voice.

I do not know what Thackeray's method of work was; but of one thing I am certain—and that is, that his characters were to him absolutely real, that he believed in them, suffered with them, rejoiced with them, as though they were creatures of flesh and blood.

His own heart beats under the lines, as he traces them with his hand. That is why they are so real to us; for no story-teller can possibly make his readers believe in characters which he does not believe in himself.

And this, I take it, is the inmost secret of the art of the novelist, sincerity. It is of no use to "make believe" as the children say. It is of no use to dress up a company of puppets, and put fine speeches in their mouths, and pull the wires this way, and that way. It is of no use to describe scenery which you have never seen; or people living in a class of life to which you have no access; or emotions which you have never felt. Such work rings hollow; and although it may amuse for an hour, there is nothing satisfying in it, and nothing enduring.

I am ashamed to refer to myself in this connection; but when it comes to a question of work, of the story-teller's craft, and of the tools to be used in it, one can but fall back upon personal experience. I have repeatedly been asked how I set to work to write a novel, and the only answer I can give, in all seriousness, is that I lay in a stock of paper, a box of quill nibs, and a big stone bottle of the best and blackest ink. "But how do you invent the plot?" asks my questioner. It seems to me that I do not invent the plot. The plot comes of itself. It flashes upon me suddenly, unexpectedly, when I am walking, perhaps, or in some way actively employed. Sometimes it but half reveals itself. That is to say, it lacks some essential motive. In this case, it is useless to puzzle over it. I let it alone, and by and by, in the course of a few hours, or a few days, the solution flashes upon me in the same unexpected way. Unconscious cerebration may have been going on, but it was absolutely unconscious. And so with the characters. They present themselves just as real personages might walk into my library, and introduce themselves and their business. It seems to me that I look at them face to face, just as I should look at living visitors. I do not "in-

vent" their features, or their moral qualifications, or even their actions. I am conscious of no mental deliberation about what they shall do or say. They do absolutely as they please. They say what comes into *their* heads, not what comes into mine! To me, they seem as living men and women, having passions, prejudices, emotions, and wills of their own.

"Why *did* you let Crosbie jilt Lily Dale?" I asked Anthony Trollope one day.

"Why did I 'let' him?" he repeated. "How could I help it? He *would* do it, confound him!"

This was not said in jest. It was earnest. I know exactly what Trollope meant. Given the creation—if you care to give it so fine a name—given the creation of a certain character, all the actions of that character are as necessarily governed by the laws of his being as if he were a living and breathing entity. I have myself been in the same way constrained and mastered by puppets of my own making. Indeed, I once seriously damaged the success of a story by giving way to the wrong-headedness of the principal characters; and, moreover, I knew quite well at the time that by so giving way, I must inevitably mar the popularity of the book. It is therefore from these humble experiences of my own that I judge when I say that Thackeray was sincere.

I spoke just now of Henry Esmond. After all that I have ventured to say in disparagement of historical novels, I am bound to confess that "Esmond" is, to my mind, Thackeray's masterpiece. But it is a case in which the exception proves the rule. Thackeray's knowledge of the history, literature, and social life of the time of Queen Anne was so profound and so intimate, that he could not really have known them better had he been a contemporary of Addison and Pope. He had ample materials ready to his hand in the rich store of news-letters belonging to that reign; and he made a supremely skilful use of those materials with the result that "Esmond" is not

only his masterpiece, but that it is also the best historical novel ever written. There is one scene in "Esmond," one among many of almost equal excellence, in which spirit, dignity, and nobleness rise to their highest level. I refer to that scene in which Esmond and young Lord Castleton follow Prince Charles Edward to Castlewood House, whither the prince has pursued the beautiful Beatrix, Lord Castleton's sister and Esmond's cousin. They arrive at night, to find the house shut up, and the prince lying asleep upon his bed. He wakes, and is stung by the ceremonious contempt with which Esmond informs him that by dishonorably pursuing thither the sister of his host, he has missed the golden opportunity which would have restored him to the throne of the Stuarts.

The prince started up, seeing two men in his chamber.

"*Qui est là?*" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the colonel, "come to welcome his Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what has happened in London. Pursuant to the king's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving his Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the king. It is a pity that his Majesty's desire to see the country, and to visit our poor house, should have caused the king to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened, which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the king not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the prince of Wales might have slept to-night at St. James's."

"Morbien, monsieur, you give me too much Majesty," said the prince, who had now risen, and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

"We shall take care," says Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"Sir," says the prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his royal coat unassisted by this time) — "Sir, did I come here to receive insults?"

"To confer them, may it please your Majesty," says the colonel, with a very low bow; "and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction !*" says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you; and by your permission I will lead the way."

And taking the taper up, and backing before the prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the room through which we had just entered into the house.

"Please to set a chair for his Majesty, Frank," says the colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it as the prince.

Then, going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the colonel opened it, and drew thence a bundle of papers.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the patent of Marquis sent over by your royal father at Saint Germain to Viscount Castlewood, my father. Here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening. I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. Dear Frank, these are my titles—and this is what I do with them. Here go baptism and marriage—and here the marquisate and the august sign-manual with which your Majesty's predecessor was pleased to honor our race!"

And, as Esmond spoke, he set the papers burning in the brazier.

"You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours—that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service—that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause—that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the king, and got in return this precious title which now lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue ribband. I lay this ribband at your feet, and stamp upon it—I draw this sword, and break it, and deny you—and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven, I would have driven it through your heart, and no more have pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same—won't you, cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the brazier, took out his sword, and broke it, holding his head down.

"I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by the Lord! I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty's pardon for swearing; but . . . I'm for the Elector of Hanover!"

There is yet one more point to be scored in favor of the story-teller's craft, one service which it is sometimes—perhaps often—in the story-teller's power to render to his fellow-men. He can for a little while, now and then, come between the sorrowing heart and its sorrow, between the sufferer and his pain. It may be the merest drop of the waters of Lethe, yet that drop brings a moment's relief to the wounded heart, to the aching nerves, to the tired brain. And it is this blest privilege, a privilege far above fame or gain, or any worldly guerdon, which is the exceeding great reward of all story-tellers, great or small.

From *The Argosy*.

A GREEK COURTSHIP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

A GARDEN, glowing with brilliant Eastern flowers and shaded by lofty palm-trees, beneath the intense blue sky of Greece, could scarcely fail to do justice to the name by which it was called in the vernacular of the country—Angelo Kepos—the Garden of the Angels. Whether it still exists in its pristine beauty, since modern progress has invaded the classic plains of Attica with railroads and tramways, we cannot affirm certainly, but that Paradisaical spot, as it was some years ago, rises before us even now in the soft light of a summer evening.

The heat of the day was over. In Athens, only a few miles distant, it had been overpowering; but here it was tempered by the gentle breeze that blew from the heights of Mount Pentelicus, and the disappearance of the burning sun was the signal for all to

come forth and enjoy the cool, balmy air of evening.

Into that lovely garden one of the inmates of the dwelling-house to which it belonged had already come with the springing step of light-hearted youth ; a white-robed girl unmistakably English, with her red-brown hair and tall, slender figure, but who nevertheless was talking in modern Greek with many endearing expressions to the companion by her side. This was a beautiful gazelle, looking up at her with passionate attachment in its great dark eyes, and compelling its small, swift feet to keep pace with her steps along the flower-scented paths.

Presently, as was her wont on these cool evenings, she prepared for a game of hide-and-seek with the lovely little deer. Laying her hand for a moment over its eyes, she darted quickly behind a bush, and fled down a shaded path out of its sight.

Then began the charming sport which she knew would follow. The gazelle, panting to rejoin its beloved mistress, rushed with wonderful speed in all directions, every now and then leaping high into the air that he might see over the intervening branches, and detect the white form hiding among the trees. To see the fleet, graceful animal thus bounding along in his anxious search was the prettiest sight imaginable ; and so a magnificent looking Greek seemed to think, who had opened the garden gate, and now stood within the walls watching the playful scene.

He had a somewhat fierce expression, but was a handsome man, wearing a native costume—a red fez, only half concealing his jet-black hair—a crimson velvet jacket heavily embroidered in gold—the white *fustanella* with its many folds secured round his waist by a silken scarf, and gaiters of the same color as his jacket, descending to his shapely feet.

These were pacific days ; but the Capitano Gregorios was the representative of a family that had fought fiercely in the Greek war of independence, while he himself had been only too ready to do battle with the national

enemy in any of the islands which were still under Turkish rule ; and in accordance with his strongest propensities he was armed to the teeth. Gold-mounted pistols were thrust into the breast of his jacket, a sword clashed at his side, and a dagger was embedded in the silken folds round his waist.

His entrance to the garden had been perceived by the young English lady, and she came forward to receive him, whilst the gazelle, delighted to have found her again, moved softly by her side.

Frances Selby had come to Greece at the age of fifteen, to live with a brother many years older than herself, who was her only near relation. He was a man of classical tastes, rejoicing in the possession of a large fortune, which enabled him to indulge his peculiar fancies, whatever they might be. These had led him some years before to settle in the land of his favorite heroes, and he had married a beautiful Greek, who was a member of one of the noble Phanariote families. Having thus established a home for himself, to which he could welcome his orphan sister, he had brought her away to Greece from the school in London where she had been educated, and for the last seven years she had lived with him and his wife at Angelokepos, without having had the smallest desire to return to England. She had been perfectly happy ; she loved Greece, and had learnt to speak the language like a native. She was devoted to the pretty Daphne, her sister-in-law, and to her brother's children, who showed more of their mother's nationality than of their father's, and she would have been well content to remain for life on these classic shores.

There was only one point on which Frances retained her English prejudices—and that was, her determination never to marry a Greek or any one but a true born Briton ; if a man answering to that description, with sufficient fascinations, should come in her way.

Now it was precisely to combat this resolution that the Capitano Gregorios

had come to her home that evening. He was greatly captivated by Frances ; he had also ascertained, with all the shrewdness of an astute Greek, that she possessed the attraction, indispensable in his covetous eyes, of a considerable fortune, and he was absolutely bent on acquiring herself and her English guineas as his own undoubted prize.

After the fashion of his country he had made his overtures to her relations before addressing her personally, and by them his suit had been more or less favorably received — though he was informed that Frances, being of age, was quite free from their control and must decide for herself. Mr. Selby told his sister he would be pleased if she settled in his adopted country, and Daphne eagerly descanted to her on the charming spectacle which would be presented by such a handsome couple as herself and Gregorios when the bridal crowns were held over their heads.

To these remarks, often repeated, Frances always made the same laughing reply : “ Gregorios is a savage, and I’ll none of him. I would just as soon marry Costaki the brigand.”

She little guessed what a strange significance such words were to acquire very speedily.

On this occasion the Capitano Gregorios was bent on conquest. As Frances approached, he gave her the ordinary Greek salutation, laying his hand on his heart, his lips, and his forehead, but it was done with an expressive ardor, and the vehement passion that burned in his keen, dark eyes told what she had to expect. She knew his declaration must come sooner or later, and it was just as well to have it over ; so she made no objection to his walking with her through the garden, and taking a place by her side when she sat down at last under a palm-tree. The clashing of his sword startled the gazelle nestling close to her, and she soothed it caressingly while she said somewhat contemptuously to the stately warrior : “ Why will you encumber yourself with that great sword ? You have no use for it now.”

“ At this moment, perhaps not,” he answered, “ though I hold high rank, as you know, in the Greek army ; but how many heads of the accursed Turks do you suppose this very sword has shorn off ? ”

She shrugged her shoulders : “ Do I know ! half-a-dozen, perhaps.”

“ Monacha ? ” he said, with a scornful laugh, “ only six ! Bah ! it has done better execution than that ; a score would be nearer the mark.”

“ I do not believe you, vain coxcomb that you are,” muttered Frances in English, of which he did not understand a word.

“ But it is not of Turks or of swords I have to speak now, my beautiful Kuria ” (lady), he went on to say vehemently ; and therewith he plunged into a poetical declaration of his wild passionate love for her ; assuring her that his very life depended on winning her, the bright sun of his existence, to be his adored and adorable wife.

She heard him to the end, and then gave him a courteous but most emphatic refusal ; his face darkened to an ominous degree ; still he could not believe it possible that he, the great hero as he deemed himself, could suffer defeat at the hands of a woman.

“ You only say this to try me,” he exclaimed ; “ and you may indulge in your pretty coyness for a little time, if it amuses you, but it will make no difference in the result ; what the Capitano Gregorios once resolves upon must be done ; Kuria Frangiska, you shall be my wife, and no power in heaven or on earth shall prevent it.”

The man’s arrogance stung the proud English girl to the quick. She rose to her feet, turned her haughty face towards him, and said, with a clear, ringing tone of defiance in her voice : “ Capitano Gregorios, I know not how you dare use such words to me, but it is the last time you shall have the chance. Understand once for all, that I would rather die than be your wife, and of my own will you shall never enter my presence again.”

She turned to leave him, but he caught her wrist in a grip as of iron,

while a wild expression of fury distorted his face.

"Have a care," he hissed through his set teeth; "you shall bitterly rue it if you attempt to defy me; when the Capitano Gregorios has a fixed purpose, be it what it may, he knows how to accomplish it. I tell you I mean to have you for my wife, and I will!"

She wrenched her hand out of his grasp at the cost of some physical pain, and calling to her gazelle to follow, without a word more to the infuriated Greek, she turned on her heel, walked to the house and shut herself in, locking the door on the inside with a sound which he distinctly heard. The hot Southern temperament made the man look almost like a demon in his rage, but he shook his fist in the direction she had taken, while a deadly oath passed his lips that he would gain her yet, and that speedily.

II.

FRANCES SELBY followed the custom of her adopted country in taking a *siesta* during the hot hours of the afternoon, but the slumber thus obtained enabled her to wake with the dawn and indulge her British love of air and exercise before the sun rose to make movement out of doors almost impossible.

How exquisite that early morning hour is in the fair Hellenic clime it would not be easy to describe. The incense-breathing air sweet with the scent of wild thyme and other aromatic plants is soft and cool as it passes with the tenderest touch over all it meets; the great stars paling in the violet sky give place to the tremulous light that sheds a roseate blush over the east, and brings out in strong relief the delicate outline of the distant hills, while the tuneful birds in the olive groves break out into a rapture of song.

All this Frances enjoyed to the uttermost every day during the summer, in a beautiful spot which was her favorite resort.

High up on the slopes of Mount Pentelicus was a little Greek chapel, such as may be found in isolated positions over all the country. Once a year only

was any service performed in it, when a priest came for the purpose, from some distant village, but it was left solitary and empty at all other times, except when a rarely passing peasant might go in to doff his fez and say a prayer. It commanded, however, a most lovely view extending even to the *Ægean* Sea, and there Frances was wont to spend daily a delicious morning hour resting on a broken marble column outside its low, arched door.

She was sitting there as usual a few days after her decided rejection of the Capitano Gregorios, and not a sound had warned her of any danger, when suddenly she found herself blinded by a thick cloth flung over her head and face, and fastened tightly round her throat. At the same moment her arms were seized in a strong grasp and drawn back so that her hands could be tightly tied together. She tried to scream, but her cries were stifled by the heavy folds over her mouth, and she felt herself absolutely powerless when she was lifted up by a pair of vigorous arms and placed on the back of a horse. No sooner was she fixed on the high Turkish saddle than the animal started at a quick trot, led apparently by some man who rode by her side, and it was plain that she was being carried away helplessly, she knew not whither.

Frances felt stunned and terrified for the first few minutes, but soon the courage of the English girl reasserted itself, and she began to consider the situation with what equanimity she could.

She thought that she understood it perfectly—in which conclusion as it happened she was completely mistaken. She knew that the wilder and more uncivilized parts of Greece were infested by brigands, whose favorite pastime was to pounce on any unlucky traveller they could capture, and keep him securely in some of their mountain fastnesses till they could extort the ransom they demanded from his friends at home. She had never feared such a fate befalling herself. Her morning resort was not far from her brother's

house; and he was now naturalized, and a man of considerable influence in the country. The brigands, she believed, would think twice before they tampered with his household; and besides, at that time there was a desire among Greeks generally to stand well with the English, which she had always imagined would save herself from any such attack.

However, she concluded she had been deceived, and that the temptation of gaining the high ransom her brother would certainly pay for her restoration, had overcome all other considerations.

It was a very unpleasant catastrophe, but she hoped it only meant a few days of disagreeable captivity—for she felt certain the robbers would not dare to do her any harm, and would simply keep her in rigid durance till the money was sent for her release. She knew very well the process they would go through to obtain it. A missive would be found in the morning on her brother's door-step, written in rude Greek characters, naming the sum, at a very high figure no doubt, which would be required for her ransom, and intimating that the money in the form of gold coins alone, was to be brought to a spot indicated on the mountains, where a messenger from the brigands would be waiting to receive it. Any failure to meet this demand in its full details would be followed, they would threaten, by the final disappearance of their captive, whom they would be under the necessity of dismissing to the shades in the realms of abysmal darkness.

That this was no idle menace had been proved a few years before by the sad fate of some well-known travellers, whose cruel assassination at the hands of Greek brigands brought grief and desolation to many English homes.

Frances was very sure, however, that her brother would not delay an hour in meeting any demand that would restore her to him; so this recollection did not alarm her, and she nerved herself to bear her temporary captivity with courage and patience, little dreaming

that she was wholly deceived as to the causes which had led to it.

Hour after hour her horse plodded on with its burden, ever tending upwards over very rough ground. Once or twice the men whose steps she could hear around her, let it rest for a time in the shade, when water and forage were given to it, but she herself was not removed from her constrained position on its back, and she was completely exhausted with fatigue, when at length towards evening she was lifted down—carried a little way further in the arms of the men, and finally placed on what seemed to be a sort of couch.

Then for the first time the cloth that enveloped her head was removed—when her eyes, blinded for so many hours, grew accustomed to the light, she found that she was in the inner portion of a cave on the mountain side, which had been divided into two by a carpet suspended from the rocky roof, so that her apartment was entirely screened from that outside, where she could hear the voices of a number of men. It seemed evident that preparations had been made for her arrival, as the couch on which she sat, though formed of hay, was covered with some rich stuff and provided with cushions; while a low round table at her side had been set out with food and wine. Only one man had remained standing before her, and looking up she recognized him at once as a notorious brigand named Costaki, whom she had formerly seen brought into Athens by soldiers, from whose custody he had very speedily escaped. He met her somewhat indignant gaze with a complacent smile, which was expressive of extreme satisfaction.

"The Kuria can rest now," he said, "no one will disturb her to-night; and here is food—roast lamb, wine, and bread, let her eat and sleep well, she is perfectly safe."

"Send at once to my brother," she said imperiously; "send this very night for the ransom. I know what you want, and you shall have it; only do not keep me here an hour longer than can be helped."

She knew that to exasperate him by reproaches would be very unwise, so she said no more, though she was somewhat surprised at the peculiar expression which passed over his face at her words. He only gave her the graceful Greek salutation, however, and said, "*Kali nikta*" (Good-night); then he passed behind the curtain and disappeared.

Frances tried to eat some of the provision left for her as she felt the necessity of keeping up her strength, but she was so completely worn out that she very soon sank down upon her cushions and fell into a deep, restful slumber.

It was broad daylight when she awoke, roused apparently by the talking and laughing of the band of men in the outer cave. When she once more realized the situation, her heart sank at the prospect of the time which must elapse before she could be released from her unpleasant position. But she rallied her courage, and seeing, to her surprise, as Greek peasants only make their ablutions once a year, that there was an ample supply of fresh water in a huge, antique vase by her side, she gladly made use of it, and bound up her long hair as best she could.

Then, feeling the air of her apartment hot and oppressive, she went boldly forward, pushed back the carpet at the entrance, and walked into the outer cave.

She found herself in the midst of some twenty or thirty rather ferocious-looking Greeks, who were seated on the ground in a circle, smoking their *chibouks* and talking merrily amongst themselves. On her sudden appearance they all started to their feet, and Costaki, hastily placing himself in front of her, stretched out his arms to bar her passage. "No, Kuria," he said, "you must not attempt to run away."

"Did I say I meant to run away?" she answered contemptuously; "but, if you do not let me breathe some fresh air, I shall die; your tobacco smoke fills that place where I slept; let me go out on to the open ground. You know I can't escape."

Costaki hesitated for a moment, then, seeing her determined expression, he said, with his false smile:—

"Come, then, you shall go out; but you must have an escort like a royal lady."

He placed himself at her right hand, beckoned to one of the men to come to her other side, and thus guarded, they allowed her to leave the cave.

Frances looked round anxiously, hoping to ascertain in what part of the country she was, but she could form no idea on that score, for the place was entirely strange to her.

The cavern was situated not far from the summit of a luxuriantly wooded mountain; there was an open space on one side where the brigands' horses were tethered, but on the other was a tremendous precipice which went down without a break for many hundred feet. The scenery was beautiful all around, and the sweet morning air very grateful to the senses, and without asking any leave of her gaolers she went and sat down on a rock under the shade of a huge myrtle-tree which grew above it.

Instantly at a sign from Costaki two of the brigands came and placed themselves on the ground at her feet. The others were superintending some cooking operations over a fire they had kindled in the open air, and presently they brought her a cup of steaming coffee and a piece of bread, which were to constitute her breakfast. She took it readily enough, and late in the afternoon a second meal was provided for her from the roast lamb, which is the invariable diet of the Greek peasantry; but the hours passed very heavily, and when the sun had set and she saw herself doomed to another night of captivity, her fortitude almost failed her.

"Did you send for the ransom yesterday?" she said angrily to Costaki; "it might perhaps have been here by this time if you had let one of the men go at once to my brother's house."

"Ippomoni, Kuria," was the answer.

"Patience!" she exclaimed passionately; "and how long do you expect me to have patience?"

"The Kuria must go to sleep now," he answered; "nothing can be done to-night."

"You will make me desperate," she answered, stamping her foot on the ground. "I do not choose to pass another night in that stifling cave; I want to go home now at once."

The brigand shook his head. "The Kuria cannot go home at present, and if she does not herself go back into the cave we shall have to carry her there."

Frances felt despondingly that she was quite at their mercy, and rather than that they should venture to touch her, she walked unresisting into her prison; at least she was alone and unmolested there, and she flung herself down on the couch. But she did not sleep much that night, and as soon as she heard the men stirring in the morning she went out and took her place once more on her rocky seat with the guard watching over her as before.

"Costaki," she said anxiously, "tell me when you sent for the ransom; the money from my brother might have been brought already. You had better take care; if you keep me here much longer you will have a regiment of soldiers out after you. The Inglesi are not to be trifled with."

"A regiment of soldiers," he said, with a sardonic smile; "look there, Kuria," and he pointed to the steep, narrow track which was the sole means of access to the cave. "Only two soldiers at a time can come up that way, and if any came we should meet them with some pretty little shots which would send them rolling back as dead men. I do not think many of the regiment would care to follow."

She saw that what he said was perfectly true; the cave could be defended with the most perfect ease.

"Tell me what it is you mean to do, then," she said, with quivering lips; "of course it is the ransom money you want; why are you making this needless delay?"

"We have a very good reason," he answered, "the Kuria will understand it all this evening."

He went determinedly away to avoid

further questioning, and she was left to drag out the weary hours with all sorts of vague surmises as to what was to happen. At length the sunset hour arrived. Frances was leaning back against the rock half asleep when she was roused by a movement of some kind near her. Hastily sitting up, with startled eyes she saw the brigands who had been guarding her disappearing into the cave, while in front of her stood the Capitano Gregorios, dressed in his handsomest costume, with an insinuating smile on his face.

For the moment she entirely forgot the nature of their last interview, and started to her feet with delight.

"Have you come from my brother?" she exclaimed. "Have you brought the ransom money?"

He laid his hand upon his heart as he answered, "Not so, Kuria—I have come here of my own will entirely, and it is rapture to me to look on your beautiful face once more."

She colored with anger, but controlled herself so as to answer him gently:—

"At least you mean to effect my release, I conclude—you, a gentleman, and my brother's friend."

"I do, and that instantly, but on one condition," he answered.

"What condition can you require?" she said. "You may guarantee any sum you please to those brigands; my brother will pay it."

"The condition has nothing to do with money. I have paid these men already for their services. Kuria Frangiska, you know that I love you; I have sworn that you shall be my wife, and as I have told you before, what the Capitano Gregorios vows will most surely be accomplished. I will release you at once from your captivity, and let you return home for the present, on condition that you go through a marriage ceremony with me in a little mountain church not far from here, where a priest is even now waiting to unite us. Listen," he added quickly, as he saw her staring at him with a look of horror, "I do not mean to carry you away with me at once, afterwards

—the ceremony may be considered in the light of a betrothal only—one which will bind you to me absolutely and forever—but when it is over I will take you back to your brother for a little time till arrangements can be made for our public marriage in Athens with all the grandeur and pomp due to so lovely a bride.” And he bowed low before her as he spoke.

The whole truth flashed upon Frances in a moment. This was no ordinary capture by brigands—the pitiful villain gazing eagerly into her eyes had arranged it all for his own infamous purpose.

“Then it is you who have organized this horrible outrage,” she said, infinite scorn curving her proud lips; “I always thought you were a savage, but it seems you are a murderous brigand as well; no doubt you are simply the captain of this band of thieves and assassins.”

“I am not,” he said furiously, stung to the quick by her words; “these men know me, and they did what I told them, for I paid them liberally, but I am no brigand; you know very well that I am an officer in the noble Greek army.”

“I can no longer believe it,” she said. “Would a noble Greek soldier make war on a defenceless girl and lay a cruel trap for her as you have done? But it matters not what you are; I defy you utterly; you can kill me no doubt if you choose, in this den of robbers, but you can never compel me to be your wife.”

“We shall see as to that, my pretty lady,” he said, with a fiendish smile. “If you had consented to come with me voluntarily to the church, I would have shown you all homage as to a queen, but if you oblige me to use force, I shall have my will easily enough. I have known how to deal with rebellious slaves before now.”

As he spoke his dark face assumed a malignant expression, and he advanced fiercely towards her.

Instantly with one bound she sprang back to the very edge of the terrific precipice which yawned beneath her,

and standing so close to the fatal brink as to be really in a position of imminent peril, she stretched out her arm to ward him off, and exclaimed: “If you come one step nearer, I fling myself over and go down to a welcome death which will save me forever from you.”

The man stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt; he was appalled; her flashing eyes, her resolute face left him in no doubt that if he moved she would accomplish her deadly purpose, and he saw that she was already in the greatest danger; an inch more would send her over the edge, her slightest movement might be fatal. Such a catastrophe would be in every way most disastrous for him, and he called out to her in terror.

“For the love of heaven, Kuria, have a care what you do! come away from the edge; the earth may crumble under your feet and you may fall without its being in my power to save you.”

“I prefer that danger to the risk of being touched by you,” she answered calmly. “I will not stir an inch from this spot unless you can satisfy me that you will not dare so much as to approach me.”

“I will not, I will not,” he cried; “I swear it by the *Panagia* and all the saints. Only come away from that fatal brink.”

“Will you swear it by the cross on the hilt of your sword,” she said, not moving a step from her perilous position as she spoke; “if you take an oath on the *Stauros*, I know that you must keep it, and these men will be witnesses of the vow.”

The whole force of the brigands had assembled in a group behind Gregorios, and were listening eagerly, intensely interested in the scene, and she knew that he would be hopelessly dishonored if he broke a vow taken in their presence. It filled the baffled hero with rage to be thus conquered by a girl; but he was in such abject terror of seeing her fall to be dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipice—for which calamity he would have to answer not

only to her brother, but to the English government — that he did not hesitate. He drew his sword from the scabbard, raised it in the air, kissed the cross on its hilt, and swore by that sacred emblem that he would not approach her, that she should pass untouched and unhindered into the cave, where she should be left perfectly alone for the night. He said these words aloud, and the brigands behind him all echoed, "*Malesta, malesta*" (So shall it be). But there is little doubt that in his secret soul the capitano registered another vow that he would yet subdue this proud English girl to his will, and that his temporary defeat should be of very short duration.

As the last syllables of his oath died on the air Frances slowly moved from the dangerous spot on which she stood, and with a quiet, stately step passed through the ranks of the brigands as they fell away on either side of her, and entered the inner cave, bestowing not so much as a look on the crest-fallen captain, who stood apart literally gnashing his teeth with impotent rage.

III.

FRANCES sat down on her couch when the heavy carpet had dropped between her and the tumultuous scene without, and resting her tired head on her clasped hands, she set herself to consider with all her might what she could do to escape from the frightful position in which she was placed.

She felt that all depended now upon herself alone, her brother could not have the smallest idea in what direction to look for her. She had conquered the Capitano Gregorios for that one night, and till the morning she would be alone and safe — but only till then. She knew the man's implacable nature well, and she was perfectly aware that he had in no respect abandoned his indomitable purpose, and he was capable of resorting to terrible expedients for accomplishing his will. After all, she was but a helpless girl in the hands of an unscrupulous villain, backed up by a troop of robbers as cruel and reckless as himself.

While she pondered trembling on these alarming facts, her attention was attracted by the loud voices of the brigands in the outer cave, who seemed to be having a violent altercation with the Capitano Gregorios. She drew nearer to the curtain and listened breathlessly, in the hope that she might at least learn what their future plans were likely to be with regard to herself. The robbers were vehemently reproaching Gregorios for the task he had imposed on them. He had compelled them to waste their time and energies in watching over this young girl for whom they were not even to have a ransom. There they were, the whole of them, remaining inactive in the cave, while they were losing the chance of certain promising expeditions in other parts of the country, of which the arrival of a good many British travellers gave an inviting prospect. Had he not assured them positively that their guard of the young Kuria was to terminate that very evening? Had he not said that he would remove her from their custody at sunset, and there she was hanging on their hands as much as ever.

Then she heard Gregorios's imperious voice demanding silence, while he assured them that the delay in removing his future bride was only a matter of a few hours. She had but foiled him momentarily by her threat of leaping from the precipice, and they had seen that she was in great danger of a fatal accident. He had been obliged to temporize at that instant, but they could not suppose — he continued, with a scornful laugh — that he could be kept from his purpose by a mere obstinate girl! If he had taken a vow to satisfy her for a time, he was ready to swear to them on the cross that by sunrise next morning he would carry the Kuria off to the church and marry her, let her struggle as she might. After this one night they would be entirely free of their charge, and he could give them the means of enjoying themselves till then. He had some bottles of raki in his saddle-bags — they should have the whole of it

for a jovial carouse, while he himself went to acquaint the old priest, who was waiting in the church, that the marriage must be delayed till the morning.

This conversation would have plunged Frances in utter despair, but for the one gleam of hope which she derived from Gregorios's offer of raki to the brigands. Greeks do not readily become intoxicated, but she knew that this was an immensely strong spirit, which would at least have the effect of stupefying them so completely, that they would probably spend the night in a drunken sleep, and if escape were in any way possible for her, it was then she must attempt it.

She continued to listen anxiously, and heard Gregorios received with acclamation by the brigands when he gave them the raki, and then promising anew to be with them at sunrise, he departed.

For more than an hour after that Frances heard the robbers singing and shouting, as they drank the fiery spirit, but at last there were sounds which indicated clearly that it had taken effect upon them, and that they were falling down one by one in a heavy stupor. Gradually even their confused mutterings in slumber ceased, and at length all was still in the outer cave, so that she could even hear the regular breathing of the sleeping men.

Now was her time to make an effort for her freedom.

It was in truth a matter of life or death to her, for assuredly she would not live to be made by brute force the wife of the villain Gregorios. Commending herself to God, she rose and moved the intervening curtain that she might look into the outer cave. Yes! there were the brigands one and all prone on the earth and buried in the most profound slumber.

With trembling limbs and beating heart, she stole in amongst them, stepping lightly over the prostrate bodies as she made her way to the entrance. Once her strength almost failed her when she felt that her foot had touched the head of one who lay just in her

path, and as he moved she thought he was about to awaken; but he only rolled heavily over on his side, and in another moment she was outside the cave altogether in the free night air, with the glorious stars of Greece shining over her head.

Then all her courage returned.

She ran noiselessly to the space where the horses were tethered—they were all bridled though the saddles had been taken off. She loosened the largest and strongest from his place and led him gently away. At once she began the descent of the rocky track which alone led to the cavern, and trembled again lest the sound of the horse's hoofs on the stones should reach the ears of the brigands; but the animal followed her swiftly with her light hand at its head, and soon they had gone a long way down the mountain side and had arrived at comparatively level ground.

Then Frances sprang on his back. She rode too well and fearlessly to be at all troubled by the want of a saddle, and she urged the horse to its utmost speed. Her one idea was to put as great a distance between herself and the brigands as was possible, and when at last after some hours' rapid riding she hoped this was accomplished, she slackened rein and drew a long breath of delight in the sense of freedom and safety. She felt sure there must be many miles between herself and the Capitano Gregorios, and that was a blissful conviction; but then arose the question: where was she? and in what direction must she go to reach her home?

She looked round and saw that she was in a perfectly wild and desolate region with no sign of human habitation anywhere.

The sun had risen and the stars had disappeared which might have guided her to some extent. The horse was contentedly cropping the herbs at its feet, while she reflected, and this reminded her that she had no food for herself, though she began to feel as hungry as a healthy young girl was likely to do under the circumstances;

as she had not the remotest idea how to shape her course, she decided to go on in a straight line till she came to some village or peasants' hut which might give her a clue to her position. Riding slowly to spare the horse she went on hour after hour, but she seemed to have got into some desert world from which there was no outlet.

When the heat of the sun began to try the horse she dismounted and sat under a tree, while it made a scanty meal on such herbage as it could find. After it had thus rested for an hour or two she mounted again and went on with apparently as little prospect of arriving in any inhabited place as before.

Then, as the day drew towards evening, she became excessively fatigued. Hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, she bent over the horse's neck as it still plodded on. Her spirits sank within her, and she began to think she should have to die in that wilderness with none to know of her fate.

The sun had set, the horse was stumbling from utter weariness; was there any use in this aimless wandering? had she not better drop off its back and lie down on the ground to perish if no succor came to her? She had been more than thirty hours without food or respite from what seemed a hopeless journey. Brave, high-spirited girl as she was, it was no marvel that her heart fainted within her.

Still the horse moved slowly onwards, and suddenly among the bushes at a little distance she caught a gleam of something white. Was it possible—could it be—yes, it was a tent! There were human beings at hand, and certainly not brigands, for those unpleasant individuals did not use tents.

She could hardly breathe in the wild joy and hope which sprang up within her. She had no need to guide the horse for its own instinct led it at once in that direction, and soon she was in full view of two small tents pitched in a sheltered spot on the side of a hill.

In front of the largest stood a tall young man, undoubtedly English, talking apparently to a servant of the same

nationality, while near them was a Greek whom Frances instantly recognized as the well-known dragoman (interpreter) of the British Embassy, who was often sent with travellers into the interior. It was a most reassuring sight, but Frances perceived it only dimly, for she was half fainting in the revulsion of feeling.

The Englishman turned round at sound of the horse's tread, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"A lady on horseback—alone in this wild place!" he exclaimed.

But the dragoman starting forward cried out excitedly: "It is Kuria Selby! She has been lost for days—carried off by the brigands, it was supposed—the whole of Athens has been in grief and consternation about her—the saints be blessed that we have found her!"

"Ah, yes! I heard at the Embassy of her disappearance," and the Englishman advanced quickly towards her.

She could only murmur, "I am half dead—starving"—and almost fell from her horse. He lifted her down at once and carried her in his arms into the tent, where he laid her upon the cushions that had been prepared for his own night's rest.

"Bring some wine quickly, Fenton," he called to his servant; "and food; the poor lady is fainting from exhaustion."

It was instantly brought, and he held the glass to her lips, and then almost fed her like a child with the dainties which the servant handed to him. All three men, in fact, surrounded her with every care and attention till she gradually revived and sat up from among the pillows, thanking them all warmly for their kindness.

"Ah, Thanasi," she said to the dragoman, whom she knew, "do you know where my brother is? I do not know which way to go to him."

"He is at the Embassy sending out troop after troop of soldiers to find you, Kuria. He has been in terrible trouble about you. I am sure Mr. Melville will allow me now to go and tell him

you are safe," he added, looking towards the Englishman.

"Yes, certainly," said his master; "take your horse at once and ride off to Mr. Selby. Tell him we will take care of his sister till he can come for her."

The dragoman was gone almost before he had finished speaking, but Frances looked up timidly, saying:—

"I ought to go with him, if only I were not so tired and faint. I am afraid I am a great inconvenience to you here."

"Not the least in the world," said the Englishman, with a bright smile on his handsome face; "this tent is entirely at your service for the night; my servant has another where I can locate myself. I may almost claim acquaintance with you, Miss Selby, for I brought a letter of introduction to your brother, which I have only not delivered because of his distress of mind about you; my name is Hope Melville."

"You have been more than a true ray of hope to me," said Frances, smiling; "it is such a blessed relief to find myself here in safety. I have had a most dreadful experience," and she shuddered at the recollection.

"Would it try you too much to tell me your adventures? I own to great curiosity on the subject, for it created much surprise in Athens that the brigands did not send to ask a ransom for you."

"Ah, that can be explained," she answered; and she then told him in as few words as possible the history of Gregorios's infamous scheme.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Melville. "I hope he will speedily be caught and get his deserts on the scaffold; it is the only fit place for him."

"Do you think I am certainly quite safe from him here?" said Frances. "It has been my terror all day long that he might suddenly appear," and she grew pale at the thought.

"I almost wish he would," said Melville, laughing, "that I might have the satisfaction of putting a bullet through him. But have no fear, Miss Selby;

you may go to sleep in perfect security. I shall wrap myself in my cloak and lie outside your tent door all night, so that if the villain came he would have to deal with me before he could so much as get a sight of you."

Frances protested, in vain, against this arrangement for his own sake, though she could not deny the comfort his protection would give her; but he assured her he should enjoy a night *à la belle étoile*; and seeing that she was quite worn out, he rose to take leave, and went out, closing the tent door carefully behind him.

Frances passed a night of delightful repose, and was awoke next morning by the joyful sound of her brother's voice exclaiming: "My darling Francie, thank Heaven, you are safe!"

Mr. Selby had brought his servants with his sister's own horse and its English saddle, and it was not long before the whole party were riding merrily towards Athens together. Mr. Melville had gladly accepted Mr. Selby's invitation to pay them a visit in their own house.

As Frances rode between him and her brother, with the escort of servants following, the contrast between her position then and her terrible imprisonment at the hands of Gregorios raised her spirits to the highest pitch. Melville noticed that she was laughing softly to herself, and begged her to tell them what thought was amusing her.

"I was only remembering," she answered gleefully, "that I have become a brigand myself—I stole that horse, you know, which your dragoman is leading, and it must remain as my plunder; we cannot give it back to its owners."

"Do not let that trouble your conscience, Francie," said her brother; "you may rest assured that the horse was stolen goods already—possibly some of our friends may recognize the steed of which they have been despoiled, when they come to us in Athens."

Mr. Melville had intended pursuing his travels much further afield, but after a visit of some weeks to the

Selbys, he discovered that Greece was a uniquely delightful country, and that the society was, above all, so charming, he could not possibly tear himself away from it.

So it came to pass that in the early autumn, pretty Daphne had the satisfaction of assisting at a very joyous wedding; although it took place in the drawing-room of the Embassy, and was simply performed by the English chaplain, instead of being enacted with all the beautiful ceremonies of the ancient Greek Church. The tears she was disposed to shed when her dear Francie went away to England, as the wife of Hope Melville, were soon dismissed by their promise to return to Athens in the spring.

The Capitano Gregorios was never more seen in all the realm of Greece; he knew well to what he had exposed himself by his outrage on a British subject, and discreetly departed to some region where he had hitherto been unknown.

From The Scottish Review.
SOME ASPECTS OF THE MODERN SCOT.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us.

APROPOS of the great lexicographer's definition of oats as "a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people," somebody (doubtless a patriotic Scot) is credited with the observation that while one country turned out the best steeds, the best people were the product of the other. But in these days, when, as with golf, whiskey, songs of the North, and many other excellent things, the virtues of oatmeal porridge have long since been made known to the dwellers in the South, the point of this connotation loses much of its force. Both nations have indeed borrowed much from one another, as was inevitable in face of the enormously increased facilities of intercommunication thrown open to the two countries during the latter half of the present century. Nevertheless, in many re-

spects, it is undeniable that Scotsmen and Scotswomen remain to-day, if not quite as much so as they did a generation or two back, still very markedly differentiated from their Southern kinsfolk. And, though to some it may seem a bold, if not presumptuous, undertaking, on the part of an Anglo-Briton, to make such an attempt, my aim in this paper is to present to the reader a few personal impressions or character-sketches, if I may so style them, derived during the wanderings of many years, more or less in every county of Scotland, and into all sorts of odd nooks and corners therein. If one is to be permitted to venture upon *études* dealing with the characteristics of a people, I suppose constant travel among them with the eyes and ears open may be taken as one of the best credentials for the task. Moreover, has not the discerning Boswell truly said, "that scenes through which a man has passed improve by lying in the memory; they grow mellow." So also, I take it, of persons, manners, and customs.

It has, of course, to be noted at the outset in forming any generalized estimate of the Scottish character, that the Highland Celt and the conglomerate Lowlander are in many ways very dissimilar. In like manner, certain local and dialectic peculiarities may be traced, as *e.g.*, in the Aberdonian, the Ayrshire man, and the Borderer, while there are distinct contrasts between the people of two cities so near to each other as Edinburgh and Glasgow. But this is equally true of England, or almost any other nationality, while yet there may be sufficient assimilation of the various components to embody one marked main type.

It would be out of place here to enquire how far the racial varieties, the feudal environment of his ancestors, the diversified landscape features of his country, so largely moorland or mountainous, its climate, and sparseness of location, its admirable parochial system of education instituted near two centuries since, and so on—have contributed to mould the character and

idiosyncrasy of the Scot, and to tint his pervading political complexion. Certain it is that these influences have carried him on to the present time a strongly marked individuality, contrasting with the rest of the inhabitants of our islands, and one which, it will be admitted, constitutes a very interesting study. Nay, has not a great living statesman paid a high tribute to the Caledonian pre-eminence? "I say with national humiliation," was the observation of Lord Salisbury on a recent memorable occasion, "that England has not improved so fast as Scotland. But that is the result of that extreme superiority in respect of all mundane affairs which is shown by all those who are born north of the Tweed."¹

First, then, what is the dominant note in the average Scottishman's character? We hear much of his thrift, his caution, his perseverance, his dogged resolution, his faculty for pushing his way in the world, and undoubtedly these are strong representative constituents in his composition. But I think it may be asserted without fear of challenge that the keystone of his mental structure and disposition is self-esteem. The Scot's primary form of prayer has been waggishly described as "O Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oorselfes," and the answer to the petition when put up is, it must be confessed, seldom denied. The thing may be hidden in reserve, overlaid by shyness, dignified under gravity of demeanor, but all the same it is there, a sort of inward conviction of that superiority in mundane affairs we have just noted. You may soften it down by naming it self-possession or self-confidence, if you will, but draw a northern Briton into conversation in any rank of life below the gentle, and the strength of the sentiment will soon make itself apparent. The history of his country, his sanguinary and patriotic struggles against the hated South-ern in days of yore, his extraordinary

success in every quarter of the globe, the roll of great statesmen, distinguished viceroys and proconsuls, soldiers, divines, literati, merchant princes, he is entitled to boast of; all these are so many bays in the garland of laurel he is ever ready to entwine round the national brow, to minister to his own self-satisfaction.

This is not said invidiously; the Scot does well to be proud of his countrymen and their record; I only contend that intense self-esteem is the predominant element to reckon with in estimating his character. Often have I been amused with the calm assumption of perfect equality with the whole world² evinced by Sandy, the farm hand, Davie, the railway porter, Wullie, the boots at mine inn, and such like worthies. The self-appraisalment of a certain ducal clansman, "She's as goot as the dook, and maybe a little petter too," entirely voices the general underlying conviction of the modern fisherman, crofter, or loafer in the Highland glens and estuaries, though it may not always be expressed exactly in that way. The shop-boy of the town, however, the artisan, the son of handicraft whatsoever it may be, lags but little behind the Highlander in this respect. Only the other day I had a specimen of this conjoined to great good-nature, or I may say kindness. In one of the quaintest of old-world slumberous villages, not a hundred miles from Dunedin, I accosted a fairly respectable-looking man, and asked if I was going right for the railway station. "Man, ye're gaun a far *rod* tull't," was the rejoinder, and then he took me in hand, got the keys of the old show ruins of the place, did cicerone for an hour or more, and finally assured me it was not hindering him at all, for that "naeboddy had ony business, like, in the toon, except just in summer when the visitors came." I can recall another occasion when, having some

¹ Speech in the House of Lords on the Government of Ireland Bill (8th September, 1893). *Times* report.

² A Scotch M.P. [Mr. Hunter], speaking recently in the House of Commons, said that his countrymen would have no grades or ranks, and that they had always exhibited a passion for equality. (Debate on Scottish Grand Committees, 17th April, 1894.)

official business to transact with a small educational underling in a Scotch parish, after the business was done, he calmly invited me to join him and some other of his village gossips in a rubber of whist!

Then, again, another manifestation of the same self-estimation is to be noted in the rarity of the use of "Sir," or "Ma'am," north of Tweed. This is very striking to an Englishman. Perhaps the freeborn Scot considers that to address such appellatives to others, in whatever grade of life, would be derogatory; an admission of inferiority, a badge of servility. Just so; the self-assurance coming out again. "A man's a man for a' that"—have they not their national bard's word for it? The same with the children. Who ever sees a boy of the Scotch working classes doff his cap, or a girl curtsy? No disrespect is intended, I firmly believe, in this general elimination of the stereotyped salutation customary elsewhere. The Scot is a born democrat, and this is one way of showing it. Personally, I am bound to say, I have not seldom been treated exceptionally in this matter.

An apposite instance of a boy's abrupt bluntness of speech occurs to me. I had been sketching for two or three days in a northern glen within a field where a halt herd-lad was tending cattle. Save for an occasional interval when he would stump off with imprecatory cry to intercept a straying beast, he had steadily taken his stand behind me and my easel, and gazed at the developing picture, but without ever uttering a word. At last, near about the finishing touches, almost out of patience with the youth's persistent but mute observation, I suddenly wheeled round and asked him, "Well, what do you think of it—is it like?" "Man—it's most horrible like," was the sole rejoinder.

Having started with perhaps the least eulogistic trait in the Scot's mental repertory, let me now devote a few words to his pronounced sense of humor. The trite saying as to the Caledonian's difficulty in seeing a joke may be par-

tially true in respect of plays upon words, turns of phrases, and so forth, as in the story of the Scotch M.P., who described a certain lanky, lantern-jawed statesman as the greatest "allegator" in the House, without the faintest perception of any wit in the appellation.¹ But none who have ever dipped into the delightful collection of stories by a late Scottish dean, which is now almost a classic, could doubt the North Briton's possession of a vein of genuine fun, and a broad sense of dry humor. Possibly, it is the half-unconsciousness or quasi-innocence of any attempt at joking, which so often enhances the real raciness of the things said. Or, the mere drollery in the way of saying them may be what so appeals to one. The pew-opener who, seeing a young fop stopping in a church aisle to survey his brand-new Sunday garments, remarked, "This way, my man, and we'll look at your new breeks when the kirk comes oot," is a specimen of what I mean. Very recently I was in a hotel 'bus en route to a railway station, a young woman being seated opposite me, quiet-looking and rather pretty. On getting in I was smoking, and wanted to go outside, but "boots" interposed at the 'bus doorstep with "She'll no mind the smok-king—smoks herself, I shouldna' wonder," in an inimitably good-humored and patronizing manner, which none but a Scot could emulate, the girl smiling with equal good-nature at the remark. A Cockney young lady in similar circumstances might probably have given the man something pretty sharp in return for his impudence!

On another occasion I was waiting at a station on the Highland railway for

¹ A capital recent case in point on the part of one of our most brilliant Scottish statesmen was commented upon in some of the newspapers. Speaking of Mr. Rhodes in the Matabele debate of 9th Nov. last, Mr. Arthur Balfour said he thought "we were exceptionally fortunate in having such a man, and his great resources, which had been so freely used for extending the blessings of civilization, extending railways and telegraphs and extending roads" (much laughter) "through those dark regions." (*Times*, 10th November, 1893.) The right honorable gentleman, so said the newspaper, failed to see the joke!

the up-express, when a goods train also bound southward came creaking and groaning along with great shriek and splutter of steam, and drew up at the platform. As the trains on this line are often mixed and unconsciously lengthy, so that a traveller is liable to get a little "mixed" also as to where the passenger carriages come in, I asked an old weather-beaten porter if this was my train. "Na, it's the *fesh* train." "But I suppose it's going to shunt for the express," I said, "and not going on ahead of us." He laughed a broad laugh. "Dinna you fear, ye'll just hae to wait on *her*. What's a wheen passengers the like o' you to oor company beside the *fesh* train?" Not till then had I fully realized the relative importance of convoys of men and of fish! Almost as good this in its way as *Punch's* railway official who, to the frantic vociferations of an irascible old gentleman, looking out of window of the starting train and spying his luggage left behind on the platform, calmly replied, "Ye're liggage is no sick a fule as yoursel' — ye're in the wrang train."

On the whole, I am not sure whether the Scot's quaint semi-serious manner of putting his sallies is not a partly conscious attempt to realize the aphorism *Ars est celare artem*.

As an illustration, however, of really unintentional humor absolutely turning on the matter-of-fact attitude of the speaker, let me cite the following, which, so far as I know, is quite original. It came to me from a gentleman of large means in a midland Scottish county a good many years ago. This gentleman, Mr. C——, had a very fine hothouse vinery, which was celebrated for its choice produce. On a particular occasion when the queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known through station in this county, and Mr. C—— availed himself of the opportunity so afforded to send her Majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course, a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and

complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. C—— read it to him. The man of horticulture gravely listened, and this was all his comment: "She disna say onything aboot sending back the basket!"

No one who is much given to moving about the country can fail to notice a familiar figure, which is forever confronting him: the commercial traveller. Now, in many respects the Scottish "bagman" is distinctly featured from his English or Hibernian brother. The trappings of his guild are, of course, very much alike wherever you meet him. The same piles of enormous dirty-brown stuffed bales and prodigious padlocked baskets blocking up the doorways of the inns, or laden upon hand-carts to be dragged from shopdoor to shopdoor are always in evidence. These are the sign-manual of his craft, in every medium-sized town or village from Duncansby Head to the Bay of Luce. You cannot well escape him if you would, for in many of the middling Scotch towns the chief inn has no recognized coffee-room, and the only practicable substitute for all comers is very likely to be the "Commercial Room." Moreover, you soon discover that the "commercial gentleman's" apartment is generally better warmed, better furnished, and better catered for than what would be assigned to you by way of so-called coffee-room. This does not, of course, hold good of the better class of hotels.

The Scotch man of bags is, I think, on the whole quieter and staidier in his deportment than the average Englishman of like avocation. I have usually found him well-informed and very shrewd in his passing remarks on politics or other current topics. He is generally courteous in his manner, and a kind of *camaraderie* of the road appears to subsist among his fraternity. One sees, also, principally among the Scotch "travellers," that a silent grace is often said before meals, a mark of reverence not too frequent at public

dining-tables. I like, too, their custom of greeting the company with a friendly "good-night" or "good-morning, gentlemen," when retiring to rest, or on first appearance at the breakfast table. This urbanity is noteworthy, and I must say has sometimes suggested to my mind a refreshing contrast with the leaden taciturnity so prevalent in the coffee-rooms of the larger hotels among people of a higher social grade, or indeed in fashionable clubs where men meet and stare at one another for years, and never utter a syllable. Most commendable, too, is the daily custom throughout Scotland of placing a charitable money-box on the table while the itinerant traffickers are taking their one o'clock prandial meal. This box is labelled "Commercial Travellers of Scotland Benevolent Fund," and is for the benefit of necessitous widows and families of deceased members of that association. It is, I believe, *de rigueur* for every one dining to contribute something to this box.

One amusing sub-variety of the bagman I have not infrequently met with is absolutely and peculiarly Caledonian. He is commonly of benevolent, self-satisfied aspect, and elderly. On entering the room and hurriedly removing his wraps, should there be others of his calling present, he will at once seat himself by them, and after a moment's conversation launch out into a succession of those enigmatical northern grunts, which I am not sure that even any Scot has ever attempted properly to translate into intelligible language. I can only try to write them down thus: "Ay, umh-umh—umh-umh, ay," half to himself, half to his audience, with a momentary cogitation after each. My own idea after long study of them is that these guttural ejaculations may be taken to be nearly the equivalent of "Heigho! 'tis a weary world, and yet not so bad after all."

In former days, I am told, the etiquette of the commercial room excluded from the *entrée* there all but those connected with trade, but this is not so now. Moreover, a lower tariff is charged to its occupants (if traders),

but I have not found my hotel bills diminished by occasional admission thereto. A bumptious bagman is a very disagreeable individual to encounter, none the less so for being Scotch, especially when he proves too inquisitive as to your line of business. But in my experience these are rare, and in what situation of life are obnoxious people not to be met with?

It is, then, encouraging to find amid so much that is falling to pieces in these modern days that the race of "commercial gentlemen" is apparently rather improving than otherwise. This, while partly, perhaps, the result of the spread of education, may also in part be due to the fact that, under the stress of existing trade competition, heads of business firms who used to rely entirely on their paid traveller, now to a considerable extent have taken to "travel" themselves.

Another study not without interest is the fisherman of the Scotch coasts. I should describe him as stolid and reticent for the most part, and apt to be somewhat stand-off to a stranger. Of dogged pertinacity and deep-rooted prejudices, he is inclined to keep himself to himself, and has nothing of the frank, outspoken bearing and almost polished courtesy of the southern English fisher folk (Devonshire or Kent men, for example). Ashore he is the laziest of operatives, lolling about the wharves and harbor corners with his hands invariably deep down in his "breeks" pockets, his women-folk meanwhile doing most of the work, and toiling along bent nearly double under their heavy creel-loads of fish. Well does Jenny, Oldbuck's serving-wench, put it: "As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisher-loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore." Their method of baiting the lines with a multitude of hooks is very neat and pretty to watch, the whole being arranged so systematically. In this branch of shore labor, the men do sometimes take a share.

Some of the fishing villages along the

north and east seaboard of Scotland are singularly quaint and picturesque, Netherlandish almost in their details,¹ worthy studies for a Ruysdael or a Van de Velde. The rows of little split fish skewered on sticks or triangular lath-frames nailed along the cottage walls, are quite distinctive features. So also are the cottages themselves, with their vermilion pan-tiled roofs and outlying stairways; but these are fast disappearing and giving place to a modern style of tenement, which makes one miss the old-world forms and warm color. Well were it, however, if primitive dirt and archaic scavengering could in many cases make way for more modern sanitary arrangements. The fisher folk of both sexes are very commonly of a serious, inscrutable cast of countenance, generated, I suppose, by the precarious nature and constant risks of the seafaring occupation. "It's no fish ye're buying," quoth the masterful Maggie to Monkbarns, "it's men's lives." The men do indeed carry their lives in their hands, and it were strange if this did not give a certain solemnity and God-fearing set to their characters. The Eyemouth people still speak with bated breath of the terrible catastrophe which overtook them in the great storm or cyclone of some years back, and turned well-nigh every homestead into a house of mourning. The fisherman has a long memory for such visitations.

These littoral folk, as a rule, marry early, and in many villages almost exclusively among themselves. In fact, it is held to be a kind of breach of etiquette or traditional custom to assort out of your own particular locality. A natural consequence of this "in and in" system of unions must surely be to accentuate in time one constitutional inter-tribal type, and not to its advantage physically or mentally. Indeed, this may account in part for the exceeding ugliness and gaunt, flattened figures of many of the older women. Swart and coarse-featured, they look as

if they had been shrunk up by scant fare, hard labor, and the rigor of the east wind. And, poor souls, the conditions of their life are doubtless for the most part trying. One also sees occasional specimens of the "Muckle-backit" type; viragoes, huge, dirty, and defiant of aspect. But, on the other hand, here and there one comes across a fisher lass or young wife passing handsome, with ringed ears, sun-burnt hue, smoothened hair, brown, or sometimes lint-white, and blooming physique.

Non-conformity, I believe, is largely predominant among the Scottish fishing communities, and as in religion so in politics, they are intensely gregarious. I was told of one large village on the north-east, which curiously is almost entirely Episcopalian. Quite recently I had the good luck to witness a fisher's wedding in one of the most notably archaic fishing towns in Scotland. The whole piscatorial population, pretty nearly, turned out in couples, headed by a piper, the juvenile belongings showering rice on the bridal couple from start to finish of the procession.

The hatred of these people to trawling is intense, and they are uncommonly wideawake to their rights and requirements in the matter of boats, mussel bait, and harbor facilities. If they, and the miners, can only be persuaded that benefits to their class are not the monopoly of one particular political party, the unexpected may yet happen in the future representation of the Scottish electorate.

Another fitting subject in national portraiture is the Scottish retail tradesman, since he exhibits points which strongly demarcate him from the rest of his genus. First of all, a certain air of gravity and solid respectability generally impresses you as customer. But something more distinctive is made apparent to an English apprehension after some little experience of the "gentleman" in a Caledonian shop. While unfolding to him your requirements, you become aware not only of an intelligent readiness on his

¹ And without doubt the villagers themselves bear in their veins a strong hereditary tincture of Flemish blood.

part to ascertain them, but also of a sort of kindly impulse or persuasiveness, as it might be of an interested mentor, in the direction of your intended purchases. You feel it is genuinely meant and honest advice which is being tendered, apart from and perhaps even counter to the vendor's interests; a feature by no means so frequent in a London mart. Yet withal, the Scottish retailer exercises over you a kind of gentle patronage — discusses the business on hand from a friendly standpoint, as it were — seems to concern himself about you apart from that business — and does so all the time with an air of equality which is yet so remote from all appearance of pertness or assumption that it is impossible to find fault with it. Nor (and this we have already noted of his countrymen generally) does he usually address you as "sir" or "madam" after the wont of his southern congener, yet again there is no impression of incivility about this. I have known a Scotch salesman to pat a lady affectionately on the shoulder to emphasize some point under explanation. Imagine one of Peter Robinson's or Marshall & Snelgrove's employees in London doing the same thing!

The subtle difference, then, between the Cockney shopman and the shopman of Edinburgh or Glasgow, Dundee or Aberdeen, is that with the former you feel yourself merely a customer; with the latter, a customer and something more — a man or woman "for a' that." It may be a spice, possibly, of the self-appreciation we started with, the sentiment, unexpressed but latent, that one man is as good as another, trade or no trade. Or, it may be the outcome of that prevalent benevolence and obligingness, which has given the northern Briton the designation of "the kindly Scot." Certain it is that the relations across the counter, which obtain between the average Scotch shopkeeper — or "merchant," as in the smaller localities he prefers to call himself — and his customers, are peculiar.¹ And

they have always struck me as among the laudable characteristics of the national idiosyncrasy, in which opinion I am confirmed by many English friends.

Next to his self-esteem, and in a sense foster-brother to it, comes the Scot's love of independence. Down from the days of his forefathers, through successive epochs of turbulence and insecurity; whether under the tribal sway of a number of bickering kinglets; in deadly feud with the Norseman; in temporary bondage to a detested foreign garrison; during later mediævalism the prey of contending factions of rapacious nobles; or, again, in the subsequent periods of civil strife when it required all his shrewdness and calculation to steer an even keel; the Scot of the middle and lower classes has steadily asserted and stubbornly maintained, side by side with a persistent claim for popular rights, a character for sturdy independence. For this principle he has not hesitated in the past to shed his blood; for this doubtless he would in certain circumstances be as ready to shed it again. But times have changed; and the edifice of freedom he has slowly built up for himself is unlikely ever to be destroyed. Unless, indeed, he should allow himself to be hoodwinked by the false prophets of a vindictive demagogism bent upon dragging down not only crown and constitution, but creeds and classes, to their own dead level; and thus with his own hand pull out the corner stones of the structure, and uproot the foundations thereof.

But, happily, alongside of the intense impatience of control and jealousy of class distinctions, which the neo-radicalism of the day has done its best to rub into the Scottish masses, there exists in the national fibre a counter-acting element — strong intelligence, deliberative caution, and on the whole, good common sense; while, above all, there is in the Scot a shrewd perceptiveness of his own interests. If these qualities, then, can but get fair play,

and English retailers is diminishing year by year with the march of the times.

¹ This racy contrast, however, between Scotch

may we not hope they may yet prevail against the mass of Jacobinism and Socialistic rubbish which is now being thrust upon him in all directions.

The sentiment of patriotism is one that the Scot has been assumed to possess in a high degree. In a sense this is no more than his due, but to-day it seems necessary to accept the claim with a limitation, and to ask ourselves the question, — how comes it that it is so difficult to enlist him in humble life for the regular military service of his sovereign. There was a time not so long since when the Highland regiments, originally raised entirely among the territorial clans, drew mainly from the same sources, and when the ruddy, straight-limbed peasant of Ross or Sutherland, Argyll or Inverness-shire, was proud to take the royal shilling and serve his country. Now all this is changed. We are told of thousands of starving crofter people, of an army of unemployed soliciting work, of fisher folk struggling precariously for a scanty subsistence. Yet, the recruiting sergeant goes to remote localities, special parties are sent out to make the advantages of the army known; and all for the most part in vain. The miserable, squalid occupant of a peat hovel will rather starve, idling with his hands in his ragged, homespun pockets, and girding at his landlord, than take in exchange good food and raiment, a comfortable, well-warmed, airy lodging, reasonable hours of work and recreation, facilities for carrying on his education, an honest, honorable occupation, with good prospect of promotion to the intelligent and well-conducted man. One need scarce go back a generation to call to mind the splendid material Scotland was wont to supply for the voluntary brotherhood, which has contributed so many heroic deeds of arms to the annals of British history. Probably more Scotsmen, proportionately to the other nationalities used to work their way up into the higher non-commissioned grades of the army. And fine, steady, responsible men of *weight* they usually were, in whom both the officers trusted and the private

soldier believed. But now, no! "Gie me ma luberty," is pretty much Sav-ney's response to the appeal to follow his country's flag.

Why is this? The volunteer force is undoubtedly popular in the country, and especially flourishing north of the Tweed. There is something akin to enthusiasm at times exhibited in its ranks. Those who know will tell you of artillery-men in some of the remote islands, farm laborers and others, walking seven or eight miles from their homes, after a day's work, to attend an evening drill, and this not seldom in the teeth of discouragement from their employers, who should know better. In other technical branches, too, the men of volunteer corps frequently work with marked zeal under great difficulties. Then, again, the militia man, with his month's training in the year, good rations and daily pay, out of which he saves, comes in readily; it is a sort of healthful, holiday outing for him. But to get recruits for real soldiering is quite another matter, though the volunteers certainly do supply an odd one or two now and again. And the causes are not far to seek. There is the craze for personal independence — distaste to come under strict rule — a rooted dislike to rigid discipline. There is the short period of service, and the question what is to come after, in the absence of the old pension which provided for the discharged soldier in his declining years. Now we have ex-Tommy Atkins tramping about the highroads of the country asking alms, or besieging the soldiers' employment bureaux for work, which, until government finds place for its deserving discharges in its public service, can only be doled out to the few. And lastly, in the old days itinerant demagogues and paid organizers had not instilled into the crofter and farm laborer that it was the function of the State to dry-nurse its children and enable them to "live and thrive" with a maximum of wage and a minimum of work.

So, then, the army does not tempt many to its ranks in the Scottish Highlands, or, indeed, elsewhere in Scotland,

outside a few of the larger towns and manufacturing districts. Furthermore, there is said to be a curious traditional prejudice among the country folk against soldiering, especially in the north. I have been told that this is a survival from Culloden days, when the English dragoons earned for themselves an unenviable reputation. In some instances, too, local feeling among quiet country folk is adverse to the recruiting agent, possibly from a notion prevalent with some, but quite erroneous — that soldiers are less moral than the average of the civilian class they are taken from. To all this it may be answered, that the Scotch are patriotic but not inclined to militarism; that the red-coat enters the army for wages rather than from warlike ardor; that the operative classes are now better paid and better educated; and so on. But, all the same, the head and front of the recruiting difficulty in Scotland comes, I rather think, back to this: "We'll no pairt with oor luberty!"

In this connection, let me mention an incident illustrative of the martial spirit which sometimes animated the young Scotch recruit of former days. It was told me quite recently by a country gentleman, who at the time was adjutant of a distinguished Highland regiment. When the intending recruit was brought up to the orderly-room for inspection by the commanding officer of this regiment, he was measured and found to be a trifle under the regimental standard of height. Nevertheless, he was a strong-built and likely-looking young fellow. The colonel reluctantly decided that the youngster could not be accepted, being too short, and thereupon informed him accordingly, expressing at the same time his regret. The recruit became much excited, and exclaimed "Oh, Col-nel, ye'll shurely no turn me back. I'm wee but I'm *wicked*." ("Wicked" meant in this case, Scottice, spunky, mettled.) The colonel stretched a point and passed him.

By way of contrast to this, I heard the other day of a young man of the farming class in one of the northern

Scottish counties, who had just enlisted out of a volunteer corps into the regular army. No sooner was this known to his people, than with speed the mother and sister hasted in to the sergeant who had enlisted him, both urgent to buy out the new recruit. It is curious, but the old traditional prejudice against any one "going for a soldier" is not confined to northern Britain. And yet it might surprise some people if they knew how many sons of gentle-folk now enlist into the army under the stress of high-pressure competition for commissions.

I hope I may without presumption be allowed to say a word about the Scotch minister, who figures so largely in Northern anecdotes of wit and humor, and whom one so often finds possessed of a racy individuality entirely his own. A charming picture has been painted for us of the Highland pastor of former days by an eminent and popular son of the manse, now gone to his rest. There was the homely, unostentatious, but snug and comfortable dwelling-house, with its sheltering porch and arboreal shrubbery planned out for "a covert from the wind," what time —

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough,
The shortening winter day is near a close.

There was the daily fare, plain but plentiful, at the hospitable board, everything good of its kind, and a never failing welcome to the friend or stranger who should come within the gate. There was the genial intercourse, the ready counsel and generous help to the poor and needy. There was the paternal tuition to the sons of the family, the helpmeet's matronly schooling of her daughters in the housewifely craft to fit them to become, it might be, wives and mothers in Israel themselves. And oftentimes with but slender purse, the young men were launched out into the university and thence passed on into the ministry or other spheres of professional activity, not seldom to turn out with marked distinction and success. It is a picture of Scottish home life, frugality, self-

denial, determination, achievement; and happily in the Presbyterian Church of to-day, Conformist and Non-Conformist, there are still many subjects who might sit for the same portrayal.

But to any one who can remember the Scotch minister of a generation back, the revolution that has taken place both in church fabric and pastor is remarkable. I can recollect when the hideous square or oblong erection, with commonplace roof and little squat "campanile" covering its single "chappin" bell, was the prevailing type of parochial church building in most country districts of northern Albion. Commonly, a low gallery or loft was reached by an external stone stairway (as in the fisher's cottage); the pews or pens were of unvarnished wood, the walls bare and whitewashed, doorways and window openings of unredeemed ugliness; and not a vestige of ornament or taste to soften the ministrant's hard, dry Calvinism, dry as the "stoor" that was wont to be thumped out of the pulpit cushion by his intermittent oratorical exertions.

All this has well-nigh departed. An era of "sweetness and light" has supervened with the advent of the young ambitious cleric, who is everywhere superseding those he doubtless regards as the effete fossils of days gone by. The old-fashioned dogmas may still be formally subscribed to at ordination, but the "covenanted mercies" reserved exclusively for the elect, and the torments in store for the condemned, are no longer proclaimed Sunday after Sunday from a thousand rostra of the National Kirk. A small remnant of the old Evangelical type survive, but they are conspicuous by their rarity; like the excavator's so-called "buoys" or pillars left standing in the soil, only to mark and measure the surrounding mass of material which has been dug up and carted away.

I can recall, too, the primitive kirk-structures of remote Highland wilds, spots more out of the way even than Sydney Smith's Yorkshire parish, which he described as being "twelve miles from a lemon." I can remember

the service in sonorous Gaelic; the collie dogs of the shepherds present slinking into the pews to curl up under their master's feet; the hands of these same masters stealing out to the pew handles ere yet the parting blessing was come to an end; and then the precipitate outrush of all and sundry to the open air, as though with a profoundly thankful sense of a once-a-weekly duty legitimately finished.

Notwithstanding that one's own form of worship may be with accompaniment of surplice and liturgy, yet, inasmuch as in the less frequented localities an Episcopal service is not always available, one may share in the ministrations of the Presbyterian Church with satisfaction, and, I hope I may say for myself, edification. And I must confess to feeling strong sympathy with the movement in the Kirk which is assimilating so much from the sister Church southward of the Border. The immensely improved hymnal, the general introduction of good instrumental music; the beautifying of the church fabrics, the drawing towards liturgical and week-day services; the added order, reverence, and dignity in conducting the ordinances; in all these points surely Scotland has done well not to be above borrowing what is good and seemly from her Anglican neighbor. On the other hand, I think some of our surpliced clergy might usefully take a hint from the sort of excellent preaching and good oratory one may not infrequently hear in Presbyterian pulpits; pointed, intellectual, reasonable discourses, with apt illustration and impressive fervor, which are surely better suited to the wants of the church-going multitude than elaborate analysis of dogma, or even than expositions of ritualistic symbolism. Still, there would seem to be a tendency in the modern preacher of the Kirk, sometimes to over-transcendentalism, sometimes to a kind of enquiring scepticism or scientific research, cultivated in what is termed the modern philosophic spirit. Nay, we are told indeed, that this same spirit has largely "caught on" to the Kirk's great se-

ceded rival, and that the evangelical guinea stamp which once distinguished the separatist communion of Chalmers and Caudlish from the Erastian school of the "Moderates" is gone.

Howsoever this may be, the fact remains that Presbyterianism, both as to pastor and people, has greatly changed in the lapse of a generation.

Many recollections of hospitality offered and accepted at odd times in country manses crowd over me. Among these, in the persons of one or two pastors still living who have celebrated their ministrating jubilees, I call to memory a type of rural minister perhaps the most interesting of all. Gentle, genial, courtly, and courteous with an old-fashioned flavor of manner; using hospitality and giving of their best without thought of return, I know not if the centuries to come will produce many of their like. One has presided over the same parish, in a rich carseland valley for nearly sixty years. The pastorate of another, a veritable George Herbert, covers well-nigh as long a period. Yet a third, in a far north retreat, nonagenarian almost, is, or recently was, still ministering to his flock, and not even laid by from occasional travel. To the old age of such as these may we not aptly apply the words of Cicero: "*Quiete et pure et eleganter actae aetatis placida ac lenis senectus.*"

From the Scotch minister it seems a natural transition to the Scotch Sunday, or, in local parlance, Sabbath. One may be no Sabbatarian, and yet thoroughly enjoy the reposeful quiet of "the Lord's Day" in an average Scottish village, or small country town. The stillness of the streets, no shriek of railway whistle in your ear, no display of wares in shop window or chaffering of merchandise in the thoroughfares by the itinerant chapman. The drinking-houses contraband for the day to all save the so-called *bona fide* wayfarer, to the enormous profit of the general community. Then the sound of bell and the flocking to public worship. And in the afternoon or evening the quiet social stroll along the

links, lane, or highway. It is in its way an idyllic picture. But here again there is change. Bicyclists in scores now fly through the quiet Boreal hamlets, and find their way to the public tap-rooms of a Sunday in the guise of *bona fide* travellers; while bands of excursionists packed into *char a bancs* shake the dust off their chariot wheels as they rattle past the village church, but go not into it. This is, no doubt, in accord with the *fin de siècle* spirit, the "perfect law of liberty" after the up-to-date manner. And, in judging the poor man or the busy toiler whose week days give but scant opportunity for enjoying the God-given boon of fresh air and sunlight, let us not be too censorious.

Perhaps, after all, Samuel Johnson was not so far wrong in his quaint dictum about the observance of Sunday. "It should be different from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity." Excellent, though the inference is perhaps rather droll—that on week days one might throw stones at birds. Not unlike the plea I once heard put forward for polygamy: that it is only a *bishop* who in Holy Writ is enjoined to be the husband of *one* wife!

Did space permit, I should be tempted to enlarge upon the glimpses of Scottish peasant life that have been afforded me in many a tramp across moor and strath, along highway and byway. But in his exquisite idyll on the Caledonian cottar, the national bard has, in a few master-strokes, limned us a portrait of him and his home that will live to all time. Indeed, it might savor of impertinence to attempt here a necessarily feeble repetition of what has been so nobly and realistically done by Scott, Burns, Allan Ramsay, the Ettrick Shepherd, and so many other Scotsmen of genius and patriotism. Certain it is that Scotia's "hardy sons of rustic toil" are a characteristic study, especially when drawing on into years. Thanks to their parish schools, they are almost invariably intelligent and fairly educated, shrewd and observant,

"takin' tent" to purpose of things in general. Get hold of an old Scotch farm servant, and the chances are you will find him full of sagacious sayings and homely mother wit. I admire, also, his ruddy, weather-beaten visage and, for the most part, sturdy, well-knit if somewhat bent frame, product of the daily sweat of his brow. For, has not a noble devotee of husbandry well said, *Hominum generi universo cultura agrorum est salutaris*? The Scottish rustic's *milieu* is behind the ploughshare and in the barnyard, but the breath of the strong northern breezes is forever in his lungs, the scent of broom or gorse blossom in his nostrils, and the blue bloom of distant hills within measure of his eyesight. This is what, I take it, differentiates him from the ordinary genus of southern chawbacons, although it must be admitted that as to intelligence English Hodge is growing much more wide-awake than he formerly was.

Knock at the door of the humblest rural homestead betwixt Cheviot and the Pentland Strait, and more often than not you will be greeted blithely by the goodwife: "Come ben and sit ye doon," or, "Will ye no hae a cup o' tea or a drink o' milk?" will be asked with warmth and a certain innate dignity of hostship. And there, in the "but and ben" dwelling, by the "wee bit ingle blinking bonnily," you will be bid to seat yourself, and speedily pass into friendly converse, while

The mither wi' her needle and her shears
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new.

Only be sure you put on no patronizing or condescending airs, which the Scot, man, woman, and child alike, hates and resents, as implying his inferiority. You must meet the cottager as a brother man, and he in his turn will not, as a rule, be lacking in a certain respectfulness of demeanor. And I think the Scotch peasant, in common with most of his countrymen, has in the main a distinct appreciation of the landscape and seascape amenities of his native land. Probably the plough-

man-poet of Ayrshire, whose songs, like those from the Hawthornden lyre, are so saturated with the burden of nature's loveliness, has done much to drive the inspiration home to many, and make them realize the priceless-ness of their common inheritance.

Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In truth, it has always seemed to me that in the intense insistence upon human brotherhood added to the fine sense of natural external beauty which informs the verse of Burns, is to be found a sort of reflex of one aspect of the Scottish character.

I have left nearly to the last certainly not the least interesting of the *études* in my sketch-book — the Scotswoman. Like her masculine compatriot, she also has her varieties and sub-varieties. One of the first notes a stranger will make in Scotland is the reserve of the middle and lower classes of women in public places. Notice them in trams, railway carriages, steamboats, etc. There they sit quite silent and quiescent, seldom or never venturing on a remark one to another, the younger of them often pretty but "couthy" and shy, those more matured self-possessed but reticent, if not stiff and at times even repellent in manner. Generally speaking, the Englishwoman and her Irish sister are, I think, easier in their bearing to strangers. The next point is the forbearance, or, let us say, the reluctance to find fault with or question public officials in their working arrangements. Scotswomen (I leave out of this count the upper classes) will stand an amazing amount of rough, brusque treatment, not to say positive rudeness, from surly boorish underlings, such as tram conductors, railway porters, and the like; and some of these can be rude with a vengeance when it so pleases them. Where an Englishwoman would launch out on an official, and threaten to report him, take his number, or what not, her Scottish cousin will hold her peace and pass on. Not, I believe, from any real

lack of spirit, but from natural complaisance and a certain shyness or shamefacedness inculcated in her upbringing. Well, "a shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace," and to my mind this quality in her is far preferable to the sort of forward flip-pant pertness and feminine aggressiveness occasionally resorted to by her sex elsewhere.

"The beauty of a woman," we read, "cheereth the countenance, and a man loveth nothing better." Now, how fares the British Northland in this matter? It has been truly said that probably no quarter of the globe can show a greater proportion of pretty women than London. The pick of the world are to be seen there; the best looking and best dressed women from all quarters of our own land—to say nothing of the foreigner—find their way there at one time or another. And, no doubt, for refinement of feature, symmetry of form, freshness, and natural unaffected grace, Englishwomen need fear comparison with none other. To be sure, a humorous French author has made merry over a certain ungainly type of British female, flat-chested, angular, large of foot and tooth; and it is not infrequent to find Southerners associating a pronounced variant of this type with Scotswomen. And Scotswomen, undoubtedly, there are, large, hard-featured, bony, inclining to gawkiness; but these merely serve as foil to a much more representative and interesting variety. One sees, for example, the piquant, wistful face, nose a thought *retroussé*, grey or violet eyes, and brilliant fresh color of damask or carnation—these set now and again upon a full, robust figure moulded with all the shapeliness of the Cnidian Aphrodite. There may be neither "style" nor the art of the *costumier*, but there is nature's modelling of limb and lineament, palpable and admirable. It may be a girl fresh from the labor of the factory, or a farm lass in kirtle and short skirt, barefoot and bare-headed, each perchance with a wealth of splendid tresses built up anyhow into a massive canopy, worthily setting for fair

features and fine form. It may be the "young lady" from the shop, the youthful schoolteacher, the new-wed wife of the smaller professional or mercantile class. Everywhere north of Cheviot the type crops out instinct with a certain burgeoning bounteousness of vitality superadded to a gentle flavoring of womanliness, very attractive to the average man.

And yet, like her own plaintive and touching national music, full, yet with the minor note ever recurrent, with this sort of girl or woman, it seems as if the tears were not far behind the smiles. Nay, have not the very tones of her voice in speech as they ascend the gamut an appealing strain, suggestive of her northern clime—cloud-shadows never far away from sunshine; or, again, as though we saw in her a survival of the archaic bitter-sweet minstrelsy of her land. And herein we can trace the strong family likeness to her Cymric cousins.

I am well aware that such is not the presentment of man's modern rival most in vogue with the promoters of the Woman's Rights movement. To be strong of mind, unsexlike, assertive, and jealous of male ascendancy, are a side of her character which falls more to be insisted upon by those who deem it an impertinence to suggest that women are to concern themselves with the art of pleasing men. But, fortunately, these views as yet are confined to a very scanty assortment of the sex in Scotland. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who remarked that "the brain-woman never interests us like the heart-woman," and as yet the average Scottish lass has not unlearned this cardinal fact. Kindliness is of the essence of her manner, and a certain warmth and heartiness of demeanor pervade all classes. This I have always considered one of their strong points—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous
looks
Shall win my love

is the saying of an immortal writer, and who shall gainsay it?

The Scottish matron, too, like her younger sister, can be very charming. Often have I noted matured and even elderly women, ruddy, brilliant, with sparkling black eyes, and frames Titianesque but still shapely; every line of their physiognomies speaking of alert observation, common sense, and amiability. Of such I call to mind a sample much seen in the eastern parts of Scotland, as though a raven-haired stock had at some early time been grafted upon a blonde race. Then there is an auburn-haired variety, with beautiful soft complexion and oftentimes opulence of figure. I have seen striking specimens of this latter kind with hair verging upon pronounced red; a *throw-back* or atavism, possibly, from the primitive Celt.

From such reflections, one turns to Burns's delightful descriptions of his countrywomen, not the least felicitous of his various appreciations. And who can refuse sympathy with their genuine touch of humanity, making the "whole world kin," that has nevertheless a sad savor when read into passages of the poet's own life.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang
To step aside is human.

The Scotswoman, then, remains an illustration for the most part of a certain northern *naïveté* and naturalness, piquancy and semi-bashful reserve, which the advanced sisterhood have as yet failed to modify into a more obtrusive attitude. And so long as she retains these feminine attributes, with the natural charms she has inherited from the vigorous blood and bone of her race, and the life-giving air of her native soil — so long will the praise of her, as of her sex voiced aforetime in ancient writ, endure forever: "These bring glory unto men . . . and have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever!"¹

It would take too long to discourse on the "canniness" of the Scot, and

his inveterate dislike to give a direct answer to a question. "Weel, I would na say but it might," I have heard a score of times in reply to queries which admitted of an absolutely affirmative response. The national caution is everywhere, and is writ large in the bewildering jargon of Scots law, which double-bars every conceivable loophole for evasion in setting out a bargain, yet "without prejudice" to doing something else thereafter if desired. In the "Epistle to a young friend" Burns has probably given us the most concise and telling crystallization of this trait of Scottish character it is possible to have.

Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpened sly inspection.

The advice has a somewhat Machiavelian ring, but, I fear I must add, is not altogether neglected by the knowing Northerner.

His pushing ambition is another of the commonplaces of criticism in respect of the Scot. Apropos of this, the oft-quoted or misquoted remark of Johnson at a metropolitan tavern naturally comes up. "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to London." And, were the great "hogshead of sense" alive and amongst us now, no cause would he have to withdraw the observation. For the exodus of successful barristers, doctors, artists, business men, from the "land of cakes" to the great southern metropolis is unceasing; and the Scot's determination to better himself has generally gone hand in hand with his efforts to acquire knowledge. "There is something noble," said Johnson, of the Hebridean farmer's son, who was wont to go annually on foot to Aberdeen for education, returning in summer and acting as schoolteacher in his native island, "there is something noble in a young man's walking two hundred miles and back again, every year, for the sake of learning." On the other hand, a more critical view of

¹ I. Esdras, iv, 17-19.

the national peculiarities might incline to translate Scotch ambition as an eye to the main chance. Which at once brings to mind Dean Hole's capital story, as to why St. Andrew was selected to be the patron saint of Scotland, and the Archdeacon of Calcutta's suggestion that it may have been "because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."

Out of the Scot's self-esteem grows his obstinacy, and his reluctance to change his opinions, or be shown to have been any wise wrong. We have heard of the raw Sawney who, at a public dinner, being served with asparagus, a dish that was new to him, began eating the wrong end of the stalk. To his next neighbor's suggestion that this was not the edible part of the vegetable his reply was, "Much obleeged, but a' prefer it." This is it exactly. And thus perhaps may his prevalent political mould be accounted for. But I must not stray into politics.

Lastly, let me say a word as to many memories of hospitality in Scottish country homes. England has grown too cosmopolitan and is too thickly permeated by the modernizing railway to open the doors of its country houses freely to the chance wayfarer. In the northern recesses of our island it is, or was different. Antique chateau-like demesne mansions, solid and deep-walled, with steep-pitched roof and dormers, flanking turrets, griffinish gargoyles, and carved escutcheons, crowd in upon the mind's eye. Old-world gardens trim and formal, with quaint sun-dials in their midst, lofty and massy box borders, enormous holly hedges. The ancient dovecot, near hand to the dwelling-house, its walls honey-combed into cells for the domesticated birds. Stately belts of plantation clothing the knolls and uplands, within view of the laird's windows. Outside, the "sough" of the firs, the white whisk of a rabbit's tail, the whirr of disturbed pheasant, the curlew's warning "tremolo," or the little sharp "scream" of startled snipe from some marsh hollow. Indoors, the snug

well-found library with assortment of many generations of books, the corridors set off with portraiture of ancestral warriors point-laced and rapiered, and family beauties displaying ripe Cytheræan charms that Peter Paul might have coveted to place upon his easel.

In such homes the essence of hospitality was to be met with. You had the genial welcome, the superabundance of good fare and good drink. There was the sturdy keeper, encased in gamebag and gaiters, ready with his leash of dogs, should you like to try the hill. Or the gillie with gaff or landing-net was at your hest for loch or river, if the rod was your fancy. In time of snow or winter gale, when the woodcock were in and the blast roared down the chimneys, big cheerful fires lit in hall, reception-room, and bed-chamber. Noteworthy, too, the forthright affability and care for your wants in the possessors of these secluded homesteads, sweetened in my own recollection by the graciousness of many delightful and accomplished women. It was as though the claims of "the salt" were a traditional obligation, not to be set aside, a remnant of the fashion of earlier days before the world paced so feverishly fast, when locomotion was difficult, and society scarce. Among other laudable old customs was that of "passing on" a guest from one country house to another. Money, to be sure, was not always too plentiful, and a Caleb Balderstone might once in a way turn up, though never in my experience with an empty larder. Today, such is the stress of agricultural depreciation, Scottish estates have changed hands extensively, and upon an old territorial seat nowadays it is quite a chance if you find the historic name and race of former days. More likely, Timkins of Manchester or Jones of Hackney will have bought himself in, with a south country retinue as remarkable for superfluity of airs as for lack of aspirates. Or, mayhap, a successful Scots trader with a broad, native brogue may be the latest proprietor. What this invasion of Scotland by the

English and general upturn of the old properties is, none but those who go much about the country can conceive ! In some respects, no doubt, the influx of wealthy new-comers to impoverished estates has its advantages, improving the dwellings of the tenantry, and circulating more capital all round to the benefit of the community.

The Scottish capital has always numbered among its residents many delightful gentlemen of the old school, cadets oftentimes of ancient and noble families, whose lot it has been to pass into various avocations of professional life. These brought with them into the higher social coteries of their beautiful chief city the stately and dignified hospitality of their ancestry.

It has been the good fortune of the writer of these pages to meet with some such, and to have enjoyed their personal acquaintance. With mention of two, both of whom are gone to their rest, I will conclude these sketches. Of one I have already spoken, in connection with Scottish humor. The charm of his captivating presence and manner was the property of all. A singularly representative example, he, of the ancient "gentle" breed and bearing, genial, dignified, courteous, soothfast, hospitable. No ostentation, no straining after show or effect, no abruptness, bustle, or hurry, in his manner or ways. The grace and amenity of a refined home were secured to him by the presence of the charming young ladies, kinswomen, who tended his household. He was brimful of excellent stories of the past. I remember on one occasion at his dinner table being much struck with an observation he made very pointedly, evidently anticipating my surprise. "My grandfather told me he knew a man who had seen Charles I. executed." The statement seems *prima facie* difficult of belief ; but, seeing that the narrator was far into years when I heard him tell the story (now some twenty years since), and his grandsire was a boy when he met the individual who had witnessed the execution, it becomes intelligible.

The other example of a race of *gentil-hommes* nurtured in "Auld Reekie," was a scholar of uncommon research, a man of culture and latterly of leisure ; one who fully realized the advantages of *otium cum dignitate*. Moreover, he was a philanthropist, and civic benefactor in no small degree. Here, again, was that indescribable charm of manner, the gentle urbanity, the unfailing sprightliness and play of humor, conjoined with the delightful gift of conversational power, which is so fast becoming a lost art at this jaded end of an outgrown century. And there was the hospitable board always spread for any friend who might drop in to partake of it. I remember mention by this gentleman of a circumstance as within his own recollection, that Mr. Gladstone was once on the point of offering himself as a candidate on the Conservative side for a certain Scotch constituency. One incident, in which Mr. S—— personally figured, is worth relating. Travelling north from England by rail on a certain occasion, and not being a smoker nor liking the smell of tobacco, he had taken his seat in a non-smoking compartment. Presently, ushered in obsequiously by a railway official, enters a gentleman, pompous-looking and portly, who, seating himself opposite Mr. S——, proceeds to produce a cigar-case, and take out a cigar. Mr. S—— hereupon politely ventured to draw his fellow-traveller's attention to the fact that this was not a smoking-carriage, but was jumped upon instantly in a strong, hectoring tone.

"And what right have you, sir, to assume that because I took out a cigar I was going to smoke ? Perhaps you will be good enough to mind your own business."

Mr. S—— said no more, but, after the imperious gentleman had alighted from the train, asked the guard if he knew who he was.

"Why," said the railway functionary, "that is ———."

The odd coincidence was yet to come.

On arriving home that night what should Mr. S—— find awaiting him but

a communication from a high official of State announcing in complimentary terms that her Gracious Majesty had been pleased to confer upon him (Mr. S—) an honorary literary distinction. The State official and signatory of the letter was the *compagnon-de-royage*, a well-known senatorial swashbuckler.

To sum up. The sample modern Scotsman is genial, neighborly, kindly, and full of "pawky" humor. Square and solid in build, he is usually large of bone, and with strongly marked facial lineaments. Keenly intelligent, yet somewhat deliberate both in his bodily and brain movements, he is controversial and apt to be dogmatic. As a rule, he is weighty and law-abiding, staid and respectable, though not without a stray turn for conviviality. For the rest, he has a soft side to the diviner sex; as Cuddie Headrigg puts it in "Old Mortality," "there's naebody sae rough but they have aye a kind heart to the lasses." Having an abundant and unfailing conceit of himself, he is not easily disconcerted; but, on the other hand, he fiercely resents the suspicion of being patronized. Being at once ambitious and yet mainly democratic, he hates privilege till he has tasted its advantages, and despises all distinctions in the social ladder till he has himself climbed to the higher rungs. Less fanatic in religion than his forbears, he retains his attachment to the "Auld Kirk," and is not so insane as to desire her downfall, or the loss of that status and substance which contribute to her potentialities for good. Proud of his nationality, but not fool enough to clamor for a sham nationhood, he is shrewd enough to discern that his own lion-rampant would gain nothing by dissociation from the triple lions-passant of England. Hard at a bargain, provident and prudent, pertinacious and pushing, strong of will, long of head, and blunt of tongue, the average Scot makes shift to shoulder his way through the world, commonly with success, a staunch friend and a "dour" foe.

In the typical Scotswoman we meet with neither pertness, smartness, nor

flippancy. She is quiet, domesticated, "douce," and sympathetic, but seldom either impulsive or volatile. Blithe, frolicsome, and often of madcap spirits while a schoolgirl, her adult maidenhood seems to take on a certain coyness and restraint, as though some lingering threads of her past Puritan garments still clung to her. Nevertheless, the northern lass can be both arch and "sonsy," while frank and simple-minded withal. Moreover, she has plenty of character when the time comes to bring it out. She is usually reflective and observant, well taught as to school learning; sagacious but not sharp, with a good stock of common sense. In countenance she is often high-colored, piquant, and expressive, though the even-featured prettiness of her English sister may be lacking. In figure, commonly tall, robust, and of vigorous vitality. In matronhood, and even advanced age, the Scotswoman is wont to retain her fine health-tints, the sheen of her eyes, the fair and full proportions of her shape. Child or maiden, wife, mother, or grandame, her sense of melody and love of song cleave to her, they are her national gifts. Finally, she is imaginative and often original; practical, but penetrated with an undercurrent of ballad lore and romance. And, like most of her sex at all periods of their life, she fully appreciates a "proper man" when she sees him.

If, then, I have not overdone the coloring of the above sketches, my readers will doubtless find some excuse for the rather rhapsodical utterance of a popular modern and patriotic novelist: "the happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman."

From Temple Bar.

HANNAH.

CHAPTER I.

It was six o'clock, and the sun was beginning to sink over the level green meadows. It had been a true April day, raining and shining by turns, with drifting clouds and flower-scented

winds, and gleams of sunshine kissing away the drops from the hedgerows. And now the calm of evening was falling over the village, the clouds sailed away to the east, the breeze dropped lower and lower, the birds were singing their good-night song, and the cheerful sounds of country life died out one by one.

Hannah Loveday sat in her little front parlor. The door that opened into the garden stood wide, and her chair was drawn close to it; the wall-flowers and primroses scented all the evening air, and their odor was wafted into the room. Hannah was tall and gaunt, with a drawn, grey face, and thin wisps of hair strained tightly behind her ears; but just now there was an eager delight in her eyes that made her look in keeping with the pleasant sights and sounds of the springtime. But it was not the flowers, nor the birds, nor the delicious stillness of the scene before her, that brought that expression into her face. It was a look of expectation, of longing for something that was yet to come. Hannah had on her best bonnet and shawl, her brown cotton gloves were neatly fitted on to her thin fingers, and her umbrella was ready on a chair near by. Every Thursday evening at six o'clock she sat thus in her front parlor.

Suddenly her look of expectation brightened into joy. A sound had broken upon her ear that touched every nerve with pleasure. Clang! Clang! It was the discordant note of the chapel bell, a sound that silenced the song of the birds, and jarred all the sweet echoes far and near, but a sound that was as molten sweetness to Hannah Loveday! It was the summons for which she had been waiting; the first stroke had hardly died away before she rose to her feet, seized her umbrella, and proceeded to lock up the front door and pocket the key. No lover ever went to his tryst, no hero to the scene of his triumphs, so eagerly as Hannah Loveday to the little chapel. It had been the absorbing interest of her life ever since she could remember; not only her religion, but her hopes, her

joys, her anxieties and her ambitions, were centred there. Nature had gifted her with the power of singing, and for many a long year she had held the proud position of leader of the chapel hymns. Her voice had once been sweet, as well as loud and strong, but though the years had taken nothing from her delight in singing, they had given harshness to her notes in place of the charm that they had once possessed.

The people who attended at the chapel troubled themselves little about this, however; they preferred strength to sweetness, and cared not so much for melody, as for the volume of sound that could be produced. They were but a small flock, poor in circumstances, and old-fashioned in their ways, and the good man who ministered to them was glad to let things go on as his predecessor had done before him. The chapel had been built years before by a well-to-do farmer, but most of the villagers were church people, and the little band of brethren clung together unmolested and undisturbed, content with the light that they possessed, and unwilling to be roused by any new ideas.

But to-night a new element was coming into their midst, and its advent imparted a keen dramatic flavor to the usual quietude of the week-night service. The old village shopkeeper had recently died, and his place had been taken by a pushing tradesman from a neighboring town, who was reported to be a staunch chapel-goer, and to have a family of stirring daughters. They had only arrived in Winslope on the previous day, but there was little doubt that some of the family at least would be seen to-night, and the strongest interest was felt by all the members of the congregation. It was no wonder that Hannah Loveday waited eagerly for the sound of the chapel bell!

As usual she was the first person to arrive at the little meeting-house. Billy Brown, the harmless butt of the village, was pulling the bell in the entrance lobby, and stopped to vary the performance with a pull of his forelock

when he saw Miss Loveday. Flattery is dear to the human heart, and though Billy was half-witted and simple, his obeisance never failed to give her pleasure. She knew that he regarded her singing as "heavenly," and looked upon her as second in importance to the minister alone.

"Good-evening, Billy," she said, with a condescending nod that rejoiced Billy as much as a smile from a queen might rejoice some eager courtier.

"Good-evening, mum," said Billy, adding with a grin, "there's plenty of fine folks coming to-night to hear you sing."

"Not to hear me sing," said Hannah reprovingly, though a faint color stole into her sallow cheek at the words; "they are coming to the meeting."

"And don't you and the minister make the meetin'?" asked Billy, with more adroitness than might have been expected.

"Hush! hush!" said Hannah, "there comes the minister," and hurrying inside the building she took her seat in her accustomed place just underneath the platform.

One by one the little congregation straggled in; a larger number than usual, and all of them much on the alert, for such an event as this was only known once in twenty years or so. It is strange how much an interested observer can witness with averted head and down-dropped eyes! Hannah never once altered her position when an unwonted bustle announced the arrival of the new-comers. Her face was bent over her book, but yet she knew as well as any one that it was the two Miss Stevens who had come to the meeting. Hannah was not at any time troubled with nervousness, nor did it occur to her to be so now. She knew no reason why she should fear criticism, for she had never heard but one opinion of her singing; she was not conceited, but she had a genuine artistic pleasure in her own performance, hallowed by the feeling that she gave freely and willingly what she believed to be her best. She was glad that her favorite psalm was to be sung to-night,

for she hoped to show the strangers that the little chapel was not so far behind the rest of the world as they might imagine. Her whole heart would be in her singing, and the congregation could not fail to follow!

The hour struck at last, the clanging bell ceased, and the minister stepped forward on the platform, and gave out the forty-ninth Psalm, first part. As he finished reading the first verse, Hannah rose from her seat, and set the tune in her high-pitched, nasal tones:—

Let all the list'ning world attend
And my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
With joint consent give ear.

The people chimed in one by one; the shrill tones of the children, the feeble quaver of the old men and women, the rambling variations of poor Billy Brown; but high above them all soared the voice of Hannah Loveday, while her face beamed with enthusiasm, and her brown cotton fingers kept time with anxious taps upon the open page. Through all the twelve verses she sang on untiredly, and concluded the last with as much vigor as she had begun the first.

The last notes ended, the last echoes died away from the bare, whitewashed walls of the chapel, and in their place rose the voice of the minister beginning his discourse. But the glow had not faded from Hannah's cheek, and her pulse still beat quickly as for the first time she cast a glance in the direction of Miss Stevens and her sister. She did not know what she expected, but she felt a distinct sensation of disappointment as she caught the look upon their faces. Miss Stevens was rather short and squarely built; she had an expression of determination and a decided turn of the head, that showed that she knew the value of her own opinion. Her sister Clara was taller and slighter, with fair hair and soft blue eyes, a great contrast altogether to her sister; but just now the expression upon both faces was the same, and it struck with a kind of chill upon

Hannah, for it was one of perfect impassiveness. She had hoped for some pleasure at least, some surprise at the new and delightful scene around them, some interest if nothing else!

She dropped her eyes again with a sigh, and tried to compose her mind to listen to Mr. Whittuck, but soon a happier thought stole into her mind. "That's town ways," she said to herself, "to look as if you didn't care about nothing on earth; but I reckon if they only knew how, they'd seem as if they couldn't be surprised enough to find such privileges in a place like this."

Hannah Loveday's supposition was, perhaps, not altogether beside the mark, and if she had walked home behind the two sisters when meeting was over, she might have realized that their impassive look was not caused by any lack of interest in what was going on.

"I was afraid to look at you!" said Clara. "I thought I must have laughed when that aged and angular female began to sing."

"But really, Kate," she added, changing her tone, "however shall we endure such a place as that? Oh dear, I wish we had never left Mendle; when we got in there to-night, and I thought of the dear old chapel, it all seemed to come over me with a rush, and I nearly burst out crying."

"Poor child!" said her sister compassionately; "but, Clara, it is no good crying after spilt milk. We had to come here, and now we have to make the best of it. After all, it will be a nice interest to try to improve things a bit. Mr. Whittuck seems a good sort of man, and I have no doubt he will be only too thankful to have some one to show him what he ought to do."

Human nature is not generally so open to guidance as Kate Stevens supposed, but in this respect the minister of Winslope Chapel was rather a contrast to the rest of the world. He was vaguely conscious that he and his flock were somewhat behind the times, and he was despondent rather than resent-

ful when she seized an early opportunity of investigating his proceedings.

"I know I've not done all I ought, Miss Stevens," he said apologetically. "No one knows that better than I know it myself, but I've acted up to my opportunities, and that's more than some can say."

This humility of mind was exactly suited to Kate; she was domineering, there was no doubt of that, but though Mr. Whittuck recognized the fact with an uneasy sigh, he could not but recognize also that she and her sister had brought with them a breath of fresh life and energy; they set many new plans on foot, and generally infused a fresh spirit into the sleepy little community. Nothing in this world, however, is accomplished without opposition, and the Miss Stevens's proceedings were not by any means universally approved of. It was not long before there were three distinct parties: the conservatives, who clung to everything old with obstinate zeal; the innovators, who wished to sweep away everything that already existed; and the neutrals, who saw good in everything, and so took no active part.

Unity may be monotonous, but yet it is a good and pleasant thing, and Mr. Whittuck, unequal to the task of guiding a house divided against itself, was fain to cry in Dante's spirit if not in Dante's words, "Oh, race of mankind! what storms must toss thee, what losses must thou endure, what shipwrecks must buffet thee, as long as thou, a beast of many heads, strivest after contrary things!"

Old Nathan Webb, the deacon, summed up the matter with all the wisdom of his seventy years. "The minister's weak," he said. "Yes, he's weak, there ain't no denying it. I don't say but what changes is good sometimes, and that new things is sometimes better than old; but there's one thing I do say, and nobody can't make me say different, and that is as there's nothing in all the world so bad as a meddling woman."

But even old Nathan could not deny that the chapel funds had suddenly

risen from their former drooping state, and in face of this powerful fact he would have been rather sorry that his passive grumbling should reach the stage of active complaint.

But weak though the minister might be, there was one point on which he was determined not to yield to anybody. The chapel singing had been led for five-and-twenty years by Hannah Loveday, and he was not going to alter it now. In this resolve he was not actuated by any particular regard for Hannah's feelings. He respected her as an old and honored member of the flock, but she often vexed him with her eccentric ways, and the pertinacity with which she resisted any attempt at improvement. His resolve was a matter of principle; he considered it a sin to employ any mechanical aid in the service of praise, and as Hannah was the only attendant at the chapel with power and ability to "set the tunes," he was obliged to uphold her in her position.

Miss Stevens could not sing, but her desire was to procure a harmonium which should be played by her sister Clara; it would be a good thing for the chapel, and the interest of it would go far to reconcile Clara to her new home. But every hint dropped harmlessly on the minister's ear, and she began to feel that she must use more determined measures.

"I shall tell him my plan and ask him straight out to agree to it," she said to her sister; "he can't refuse after all we've done for him."

But greatly to her surprise Mr. Whittuck did refuse, and that very bluntly.

"No, Miss Stevens," he said, "once for all, I'll have no chapel of mine profaned with such inventions."

A weak person taken with a fit of obstinacy is the hardest of all human beings to combat; but Miss Stevens was not to be daunted. "I should like to know why you object?" she said.

"Because we are bidden to praise God with heart and mouth, and not with instruments fashioned by men's hands."

"How about the tabors and cymbals?" asked Miss Stevens.

"That only applies to the Jews," said the minister promptly. "There's nothing about harmoniums in the New Testament."

Miss Stevens could not say that there was, but she shifted her ground.

"Why do you use a bell, then?" she asked. "It's a mechanical contrivance for calling the people together."

"I know it is," said Mr. Whittuck, "but that is a matter of necessity. If I could, I would gladly summon the people myself from the chapel roof, but my voice would not reach the most distant habitations."

Miss Stevens felt inclined to smile, but she forebore to do so, and merely replied:—

"Well, Mr. Whittuck, some day you will see with me about it."

"I thought you would have insisted much more," said Clara discontentedly, after the minister had gone.

"I was too wise for that," said her sister. "No, Clara, I have a much better plan in my head. We will get up a private subscription and buy a harmonium as a Christmas present for the chapel. Mr. Whittuck cannot help himself then."

"Well done," said Clara, "you always think of a way out of everything. I never knew any one like you."

"I enjoy managing things like this," said Kate complacently; "you'll see, I shall even get a subscription out of poor old Miss Loveday."

CHAPTER II.

HANNAH LOVEDAY had just finished her tea. Once more it was Thursday evening, and though five o'clock had not yet struck, she always liked to be early on meeting nights. She had just risen from the table, and was beginning to wash up her tea things, when a step sounded at the door, and she went forward to open it, an unwiped cup in one hand and her cloth in the other.

"Good-evening, Miss Loveday," said Kate Stevens pleasantly, but in her usual decisive tone, "it is rather late to come and call, but I wanted to see you before the meeting."

Hannah moved aside, somewhat reluctantly, and made way for her visitor to enter. She had nothing to complain of personally in Miss Stevens's behavior, but she was too good a conservative to be otherwise than doubtful of her. "Good-evening," she said, rather shortly, "I'm just getting ready for meeting."

"So I see," said Miss Stevens; "I don't think you have ever been late since we came to Winslope."

"Late!" said Hannah, with a snort. "Why should I be late, I should like to know?"

"Oh! no reason at all," said Kate soothingly, "only that sometimes you must find it very tiring to go out in all weathers. We shall soon have winter coming on, the evenings are getting dark already, and you must have some very lonely walks."

"I'm used to 'em," said Hannah.

"My sister and I often talk of you," pursued Miss Stevens. "We pity you so much for being always obliged to turn out whatever kind of night it may be."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Hannah, as she took up a plate and began to wipe it with elaborate care.

"It must be very bad for your throat to come out in the damp after singing," said Miss Stevens, after a slight pause.

"Praps it is," said Hannah.

"What do you take when you have a cold?" asked her questioner, with a show of interest.

"I never have a cold; I ain't subject to 'em."

Miss Stevens felt rather puzzled how to proceed; at present she had not made much way, but she was not going to be beaten. She determined to try bolder tactics.

"My sister and I have got a little plan in our heads," she said; "we think it would be nice to make a subscription, and give the minister a present at Christmas time. We always used to do it at the chapel we belonged to in the town, so I don't see why we shouldn't do it here."

"Nor do I," said Hannah, with a

grim smile, "particular as we've done it for the last five-and-twenty years."

Miss Stevens felt severely taken aback, but she would not show it. "Dear me, how nice!" she said; "what did you give him last Christmas?"

"A new set of psalm-books for the chapel."

"What a good idea!" exclaimed Kate, feeling that she had got her opening at last. "We have thought of something of that kind too."

Hannah shot a keen glance out of her small grey eyes, but she asked no question, so Kate was obliged to go on.

"We think of buying a harmonium," she said, with a sudden inward tremor, that she would have been ashamed to acknowledge. "You are so fond of music that I am sure you will be glad to hear about it. My sister plays very nicely, and you and she together will be able to make the singing what it should be, you know."

"Ain't the singing what it should be then?" asked Hannah, with a quick turn of the head.

Miss Stevens hesitated a moment. The words had slipped out without her intending it. "I suppose there is nothing so good that it might not be better," she said at last.

"Yes," said Hannah, "that's true; and it's true, too, that there's nothing so bad but it might be worse. I know you like to have everything your own way, I see that ever since you come; but there's some things as you'll have to get the minister's leave about first."

This attack was totally unexpected, but Miss Stevens had no idea of yielding to it. "I know that the minister does not wish for it," she said, "but as I am sure he will like the change in the end, I am going to get the harmonium without asking him. If every one gives what they like towards it, my sister and I will make up the rest."

There was silence for a minute, and she thought that she had triumphed, but she was mistaken. Hannah turned towards her with a touch of dignity in her manner, that impressed her visitor in spite of herself. "Miss Stevens,"

she said, "it seems to me as if you say one word for the minister, and two for yourself. There's plenty of presents you might give Mr. Whittuck as he'd like to have; and if you want to please him, it seems to me as though it 'ud be better not to think of what would please you and your sister."

There was a truth in this that could not be denied, and Kate was puzzled for a minute how to reply. "It is not only what will please my sister and myself," she said at last, "there are several others who come to the chapel who would like it."

"Then go and talk to them about it!" cried Hannah suddenly, rising from her seat with a determined air. "I never heard of any such myself, but if you say as there are, of course that's enough."

The unconscious sarcasm irritated Miss Stevens beyond endurance; she knew that she had been defeated, and getting up hastily she went out of the house without even saying good-night.

Left to herself, Hannah completed her preparations for chapel with a feeling of triumph that obliterated everything else. For the first time in her life she had heard her singing criticised, but the knowledge that she had routed her enemy took all the sting out of the attack. She tied her bonnet-strings in a defiant bow, and seized her gingham umbrella firmly round the middle, as though she were ready to do battle with all the world.

The words of the evening psalm seemed strangely appropriate, and never had her voice pealed out more shrilly than it did along the opening lines:—

My crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
His wicked purpose would disguise;
But Reason whispers to my heart
He sets no good before his eyes.

He soothes himself, retires from sight,
Secure he thinks his treach'rous game,
Till his dark plots expos'd to light
Their false contriver brand with shame.

It could not be possible that any "false contriver" would be allowed to triumph against the long established

institutions that were as truth and righteousness in Hannah Loveday's eyes! Her offering of praise had always been acceptable, and what human hand could have power to cast it away? No psalmist of old ever felt a more sublime assurance than that which filled her breast as she sang the closing verse:—

Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn
And wicked hands my life surprise,
Their mischiefs on themselves return,
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise!

She cast a triumphant look across the chapel, but Miss Stevens's head was turned away, and she could not catch her eye. Billy Brown intercepted the glance, however, and nodded in a fervor of admiration that soothed the last throb of her wounded feelings.

The weeks passed on slowly, and Christmas time drew near. Now and again Hannah heard a murmur of some intended surprise for the minister, but she shut her ears to it determinedly. Only once she allowed herself to speak of it, and that was when Deacon Webb walked home with her one night from chapel, and mentioned his disapproval of Miss Stevens.

"Wanted to get a 'armonie for t' chapel! ah! she did that!" he said scornfully. "I told her my mind pretty straight; 'no woman's foolin' for me,' I says," and he laughed with a fond appreciation of his own 'cuteness.

"Ay, she may want and she may want," said Hannah, "but it's a long step between wanting and having," and she turned in at her garden gate inexpressibly cheered by the short conversation.

Christmas eve came at last, not with frost and clear, sparkling skies as Christmas ought to come, but wild and wet, with long gusts of sobbing wind.

It was not pleasant weather for any one to be out, but the chapel-goers thought little of that; they were always used to usher in the season with a tea-meeting, and nothing short of a tornado would have hindered them.

Hannah took but little heed of the arrangements for the tea; her whole mind was fixed upon the meeting that would come afterwards. She did not mind whether there was a sufficiency of bread and butter and cake if only there was plenty of singing, and she took her own tea in solitude at home that she might be all the fresher for what was to follow. At least, this was her ostensible reason, but as it was the first time that she had done so, and as Miss Stevens was the moving spirit of the feast, there might have been some other cause for her absence.

However this might be, she waited until she thought that the tea would be nearly over, and then set out on her lonely way towards the chapel. All was dark overhead, the roads were wet and the wind was boisterous, but the cheerful light that beamed from the chapel windows assured her that her troubles would soon be forgotten. She pushed open the outer door, and, wind-tossed and panting, stood for a moment in the lobby before she entered. There was a buzz of voices inside, and a clatter of tea-things that gave warning that the feast was just coming to an end. She had her hand on the door, when a sudden lull made her think that the minister was going to say grace, and she drew it back again. She heard his voice, though she could not gather what he said; but as she bent forward to listen, he broke out in a louder tone, and his words reached her ear:—

"So I can only say, dear friends, that I thank you all from the bottom of my heart."

Hannah started. They must have given him a present, after all. It could not—no, it could not be the harmonium!

The minister had ceased, and there was a confused sound of voices again; it was impossible to go in until she knew what was happening. She trembled so that she could scarcely stand, but suddenly she raised her head with a smile of satisfaction. That was Deacon Webb's voice; he would not be so ready to speak unless all was right.

She drew closer to the door again and listened breathlessly.

"When I heard on it, I says 'no,' " were the first words she caught. "'I don't 'old with none o' them things,' I says; 'no more don't t' minister.' But when I see it 'ere, and knew what a lot o' money it cost to buy, and its little cannelticks and all, I says, well, anyway it's property; and if they 'ave 'em in all t' chapels, why shouldn't we 'ave one in ourn?'"

He stopped, and there was a loud scuffling of feet and general applause; evidently the audience had been somewhat divided in its opinion until Deacon Webb's unexpected admission encouraged them to take a favorable view.

"Well then, my friends," said the minister, "we cannot do better than join in singing the Christmas hymn:—

High let us swell our tuneful notes
And join th' angelick throng."

It was the hymn that Hannah had been practising all day! Again and again the joyful notes had burst from her lips as she went about her household work, and thought of the coming meeting. She clasped her hands over her heart like one in an agony of pain, and leant against the door to keep herself from falling. A long, slow minute of suspense followed—a minute that seemed like an age to her; and then a sound broke on her ear—a sound such as Hannah had scarcely ever heard before—deep, full, and melodious, but a sound that seemed to her as a death-knell. It ceased, and then began again, and this time the people joined in with an energy and vigor that bid fair to take off the chapel roof. Hannah listened for a moment with such a look as a mother wears when she hears the dying cry of her only child, then staggering forward, she opened the lobby door and went out into the darkness.

It was an hour or two later in the evening when the vicar of Winslope came down the road from the church. Service was over, and he had left the decorators to finish their work while

he went home to prepare for the next day's duties. He was striding along at a good round pace, with his hands in his pockets and his thoughts somewhere up in the clouds, when he was brought back to earth by a sound of low moaning.

"Some one taken ill in chapel, I suppose," he said to himself, for the chapel lights were flaring through the uncurtained windows; and now that his attention was awakened, he could hear the sound of lusty singing.

He stood still for a moment, and just before him, by the side of the road, he saw something dark. The moans had ceased, but, as he stooped down, he saw that it was a woman lying there on the grass in the wild wet weather. Mr. Pierpoint was a bachelor, and had but little knowledge of the ways and customs of women; but at any rate he knew that it was not a good thing for any woman to lie on wet grass on a December night, so he put his arm under her and lifted her up.

"Don't touch me; let me be!" she cried.

"Why, Miss Loveday, is it you?" said the vicar, who knew all his parishioners whether they were church or chapel goers. "Have you had an accident? Any bones broken?"

"No, sir, there's no bones broken," said Hannah wildly; "but oh! my heart's broken, and that's worse."

Mr. Pierpoint was silent from sheer astonishment. The grim, gaunt-looking woman, with her quaint dress and eccentric ways, did not seem to him a likely subject for a broken heart; but he had a tender nature and warm human sympathies, and there was something in the uncontrollable anguish of her tone that touched him to the quick. He laid his hand gently upon her arm and found that she was trembling all over.

"Come," he said, "you must not stay here in the cold. Let me help you home, and you will soon be better."

But Hannah broke away from him.

"No, no, sir!" she said. "You mean kindly, I know, but there's no better for me any more in this world."

"What do you mean?" said the vicar, fairly puzzled. "You must let me help you. Can't you tell me what has happened?"

"No, I can't!" cried Hannah desperately; "but I'll show you;" and, seizing his arm in her turn, she drew him in the direction of the chapel.

Too surprised to resist, Mr. Pierpoint followed her obediently, and, pausing near one of the windows, looked in at the scene before him. The remains of the feast had been cleared away, and the little assembly were sitting in their pews, books in hand, singing with might and main, while Miss Stevens presided at the harmonium. The minister stood on the platform, watching the scene with a somewhat doubtful air; but old Deacon Webb leaned forward on his stick, and nodded time to her performance with a face of delight.

"Do you see it?" said Hannah, in a choking whisper.

"See what?" asked Mr. Pierpoint.

"That thing as she's playing on. Oh, sir, for five-and-twenty years I've led that singing, and now all unbeknown to me —"

Her words died away. Mr. Pierpoint could not at once clear his voice to reply; the pathos of the scene suddenly struck him and robbed him of all ordinary consolation. He saw the little chapel not with his own eyes, but with Hannah's. The bare white walls, the roughly painted rafters, the unsightly platform, the scanty congregation, were all transfigured; for he saw them, not as they were, but as the scene of her hopes, the centre of her life, the temple of her heart's best affections. He turned and looked at her, and, as the light from the window fell upon her face, he paid no heed to the battered bonnet or the angular features; he only saw the wild yearning that filled her eyes, and the agonized gesture of the hands that made even the brown cotton gloves eloquent with passionate emotion.

"It's all over for me," she said, in a tone of quiet bitterness — "all over! And, when I get up there and join

'th' anglelick throng,' no doubt I'll be told as my voice is gone, and there's no place for me among 'em."

She dropped her head in her hands as she finished, and leant against the chapel wall.

"Don't speak like that!" said the vicar, and again he came close to her and laid his hand upon her arm; but, as he did so, she swayed to one side and would have fallen if he had not caught her.

"What is the matter?" he cried. But Hannah made no answer.

"Let me go for a moment," he said, trying to release himself from her grasp; "I'll get some help."

But Hannah held him tightly.

"No, no," she gasped, as soon as she could speak; "don't let 'em see me, sir—please don't!"

She looked up at him, her faded eyes wild with entreaty, and the vicar had no heart to refuse her; he understood how she shrank from their wonder and pity.

"I'll take you myself," he said. He wound his arm firmly about her and managed to lead her a little way along the road; but her strength was too far gone, and she leant against him helplessly.

"It's no good," she said; "lay me down in the road and let me be."

The vicar had rowed stroke in his college boat, and, though he was out of training, he was still a muscular man. For all answer he lifted Hannah in his arms and plodded slowly along with his burden. His breath came short and thick and his knees shook under him before he reached her cottage door, but he held on his way undauntedly and arrived at his destination at last. He heaved a sigh of relief as he set her down, and the change of position seemed so far to arouse her that she felt in her pocket and handed him the key. He opened the door, and, leading her in, quickly lit a candle from the smouldering embers on the hearth. There was no house near by, and he felt somewhat at a loss as he looked round the little parlor. Hannah had sunk down in the chair where he had

placed her, and paid no attention to his questions.

"Tea!" said the vicar to himself; "that's the thing, if one could but find it."

He peered about with the aid of the candle and soon discovered a kettle filled with water, which he set upon the fire, and then opened the cupboard door and looked for the caddy. Being accustomed to shift for himself, he was quicker over his task than many men would have been, and it was not long before he had prepared a cup of steaming tea, and, raising Hannah's head, held it to her lips.

"Are you better?" he asked.

She nodded without speaking.

"Then, as soon as you are a little more comfortable, I will go and find some one to take care of you." He reached a cushion from the couch as he spoke, and, loosening her bonnet-strings, laid her head back as tenderly as though she had been his mother. Hannah caught his hand in her own withered ones and held it to her lips while the hot tears fell upon it.

The vicar's mind was in a storm of indignation and wrath as he strode homeward, after fetching a neighbor to stay with Hannah. He could not have felt the situation more acutely if he had been a knight pledged to rescue a beautiful lady from the clutches of a dragon.

"I will have justice done to her," he said to himself, as he recalled the helpless agony of her look; and he lost no time the next morning in setting out to make a raid upon Mr. Whit-tuck.

"Do you know that you broke a woman's heart last night?" he began.

The minister was always rather nervous in Mr. Pierpoint's presence, but at these words he nearly fell down upon the floor.

"W—what do you mean?" he stammered out.

Mr. Pierpoint smiled as he recognized his own impetuosity, and, calming himself as well as he could, he told the tale of the past night.

"But what do you want me to do?"

asked Mr. Whittuck when he had finished.

"I want you to reinstate her," he said promptly.

The minister paused a moment; he was vexed at the way in which he had been forced to accept the unwelcome present, he was vexed that it should have so deeply wounded Hannah Love-day, but he was more vexed than all at Mr. Pierpoint's interference in the matter. He felt strongly inclined to tell him to go about his business, but he was a good man at the bottom, and he kept his temper.

"I'll tell you the truth," he said frankly. "I didn't like the affair myself, but I can't afford to offend Miss Stevens for one thing, and for another," he added, as he saw the vicar about to interrupt him, "I believe, after all, it is the right thing for the chapel. I have always held out against anything of the kind, but I see now that it has been a mistake, and I'm not above owning it."

The vicar was silent; the explanation sounded plausible, but the influence of Hannah's misery was still strong upon him, and he would have given anything to be able to go to her with the tidings that the obnoxious harmonium had been banished never to return.

"Excuse me for saying so, Mr. Whittuck," he said at last, "but it ought never to have come upon her in that way."

"I know that," said the minister earnestly, "but how could I warn her of what I did not know myself?"

"Well, you're right there," said the vicar. "Perhaps I ought to apologize for all I've said, but if you had seen her as I did last night——" He broke off and Mr. Whittuck held out his hand.

"I respect you for it, sir," he said, "and I only wish I could do what you ask consistently with my duty to the chapel."

The two men parted with a friendly feeling, but all the same Mr. Pierpoint felt very downhearted when he knocked at Hannah's door later in the

day. Hannah was watching eagerly for his coming; she looked worn and pale, and she was aching all over from the effects of the cold and exposure; but a smile dawned upon her weary face when she saw him. "I knew you'd come," was all she said.

Mr. Pierpoint knew instinctively what she was longing to hear, and, keeping nothing back, he told her the whole story of his interview with the minister.

"Ah!" said Hannah when he had done, "I never expected nothing different. I don't blame the minister; I don't hold with him, but I don't blame him, he acts according to his lights. But I'll never enter them doors again while that woman attends there!"

She spoke with a quiet decision difficult to combat, and for the time the vicar said nothing. He saw that with the slightest exertion of his influence he might add a member to his congregation, but he saw also that the true conquest of Hannah's besetting sins lay within the whitewashed walls of the little chapel. Therefore, he held his peace, but continued his visits with unfailing kindness.

It was a long time before Hannah regained her strength, and, meanwhile, tongues were busy. The whole story was soon known, and party-spirit raged high. Miss Stevens held calmly on her way, though she felt a secret remorse at the thought of the pain she had inflicted. Deacon Webb felt that he had been weak, but was too proud to acknowledge it; while the minister looked worried and distracted, not only by the fierce dissension, but by the sense of shame which kept him from venturing into Hannah's sick-chamber. So the time passed; and as spring drew near the patient began to pick up her strength again, and even to walk about her little garden and watch the snow-drops coming up.

Mrs. Jones, her friendly neighbor, had always forborne to mention the chapel, but one Thursday evening as Hannah stood by the open window, she asked suddenly:—

"Mrs. Jones, why don't I hear the chapel bell?"

Mrs. Jones hesitated.

"Well, you don't hear it because it ain't going," she said at last.

"But why isn't it going?" persisted Hannah.

Driven into a corner, Mrs. Jones spoke out.

"It ain't going because Billy Brown won't pull it," she said. "He heard as you said as you wouldn't go to chapel any more, and he said there weren't no right in you being drove out like that, and so he said as he wouldn't go neither."

Hannah said nothing, and Mrs. Jones was rather frightened at the set look on her face; but she had little idea of the tempest that was raging within. All that night Hannah lay awake, struggling with the passions that tore her heart in two, and on the next day, and the next, the battle was continued. But on Sunday morning she rose with a face as peaceful as the day, and though her hands trembled sorely, she arrayed herself in her best things, and set out once more along the well-known road.

Many curious eyes were turned on her as she went down the village street, but she heeded none of them until a familiar voice made her start.

"Why, Miss Loveday!" exclaimed Billy Brown, rushing after her in a state of unwonted excitement.

Hannah stopped and looked at him; he had his week-day suit on, and his hair was all unbrushed.

"You ain't never going to chapel!" he panted out.

"Yes, I am," said Hannah firmly, "and you must come too, Billy."

Billy looked at her incredulously for a moment, then a smile overspread his vacant face.

"Where you go I go," he said; "there ain't many of the angels like you, Miss Loveday."

The words, unreasoning as they were, touched Hannah keenly, and she hurried on, fearing lest she might lose her composure altogether before she reached the chapel. It was an effort

to enter, but, summoning all her courage, she slowly turned the handle and went in. The seat by the platform that she had occupied for five-and-twenty years was hers no longer, and she sat down humbly in a back bench, keeping her head bent over her book that she might not meet the eyes of the people.

Mr. Whittuck started when he saw the aged and drooping figure, and a flush went over his face; while for the first time the harmonium sounded harsh and discordant in the ears of Miss Stevens.

"I'll tell her she's a good woman when the meeting's over," said old Deacon Webb to himself, but when the meeting was over Hannah was nowhere to be seen. It had been an ordeal, the bitterness of which few could appreciate, and though her conscience approved of what she had done, she could not face her old acquaintances.

But there was one human friend who could understand, and on that Sunday afternoon Hannah sat by her doorway that she might see him coming home from church. He stopped when he saw her, as she knew that he would, and, coming up the garden-path, took her hand in his with the quiet greeting that she liked so well.

"I went, sir," she said, "I went this morning." The corners of her mouth began to tremble, and a tear rolled down her sallow cheeks.

"It was hard, I know," he said sympathetically, "but you are happier now."

"Yes, yes, it was right," she said brokenly. "I couldn't sing, sir, I hadn't a note left, but I do believe as my voice was heard *up there*."

"I have no doubt of it," said the vicar gently.

There was silence for a minute, and then Hannah looked up in his face with a sudden cry.

"Oh, Mr. Pierpoint, sir," she said, "I was born chapel and chapel I'll die, but I like to think as I shall lie in the little churchyard on the hill, and that the hands as carried me home that night will sometimes pick a flower from

off my grave ; for I know, sir, when you come and stand beside me there'll be daisies springing up to meet you in the grass."

From Nature.

SURGERY AND SUPERSTITION.

To those unversed in the history of surgery it may come as a surprise that many of the appliances commonly regarded as the inventions of yesterday, are but the perfected forms of implements long in use. It is astonishing to find amongst the small bronzes of the National Museum at Naples, bistouries, forceps, cupping-vessels, trochars for tapping, bi-valvular and tri-valvular specula, an elevator for raising depressed portions of the skull, and other instruments of advanced construction which differ but little from their modern congeners. The invention of such instruments, and the skill displayed in their construction, presupposes a long period of surgical practice. We find, accordingly, that four hundred years before our era, Hippocrates was performing numerous operations bold to the verge of recklessness. Thus he was accustomed to employ the trepan, not only in depression of the skull or for similar accidents, but also in cases of headache and other affections to which, according to our ideas, the process was singularly inapplicable. Strangely enough, the Montenegrins are, or recently were, accustomed to get themselves trepanned for similar trifling ailments, and it is probable that in both instances the procedure was but the surviving custom of primeval ages. That such operations were then performed Dr. Robert Munro, in an admirable article upon prehistoric trepanning, conclusively shows. His paper records a strange blending of the sciences of medicine and theology in their initial stages ; for, whilst he makes it clear that during the neolithic period a surgical operation was practised (chiefly on children) which consisted in making an opening through the skull for the treatment of certain internal maladies,

he renders it equally evident that the skulls of those individuals who survived the ordeal were considered as possessed of particular mystic properties. And he shows that when such individuals died fragments were often cut from their skulls, which were used as amulets, a preference being given to such as were cut from the margin of the cicatrized opening. The discovery arose as follows. In the year 1873 Dr. Prunières exhibited to the French Association for the Advancement of Science an oval cut from a human parietal bone, which he had discovered in a dolmen near Marvejols, embedded in a skull to which it had not originally belonged. His suggestion that it was an amulet was confirmed on the discovery of similar fragments of bone grooved or perforated to facilitate suspension. When Dr. Prunières's collection was examined by Dr. Paul Broca he pointed out that that portion of the margin of the bone which had been described as "polished" owed its texture to cicatricial deposits in the living body, and that, where these were wanting, death had ensued before the pathological action was set up, or the operation had been *post mortem*.

These discoveries led to widespread investigation, and to the production of trepanned skulls from Peru, from North America, and from nearly every country of Europe. These were not restricted to any particular race or period, but ranged from the earliest neolithic age to historic times, and included skulls of dolichocephalic and brachycephalic types.

The method of conducting the operation appears to have been to gradually scrape the skull with a sharp flint, though there is occasional evidence of its use in a sawing manner such as obtained when the ruder implement was superseded by one of metal. The process was almost exclusively practised upon children, probably on account of the facility with which it could then be accomplished, and possibly also as an early precaution against those evils for which it was esteemed a prophylactic. What the dreaded evils were was

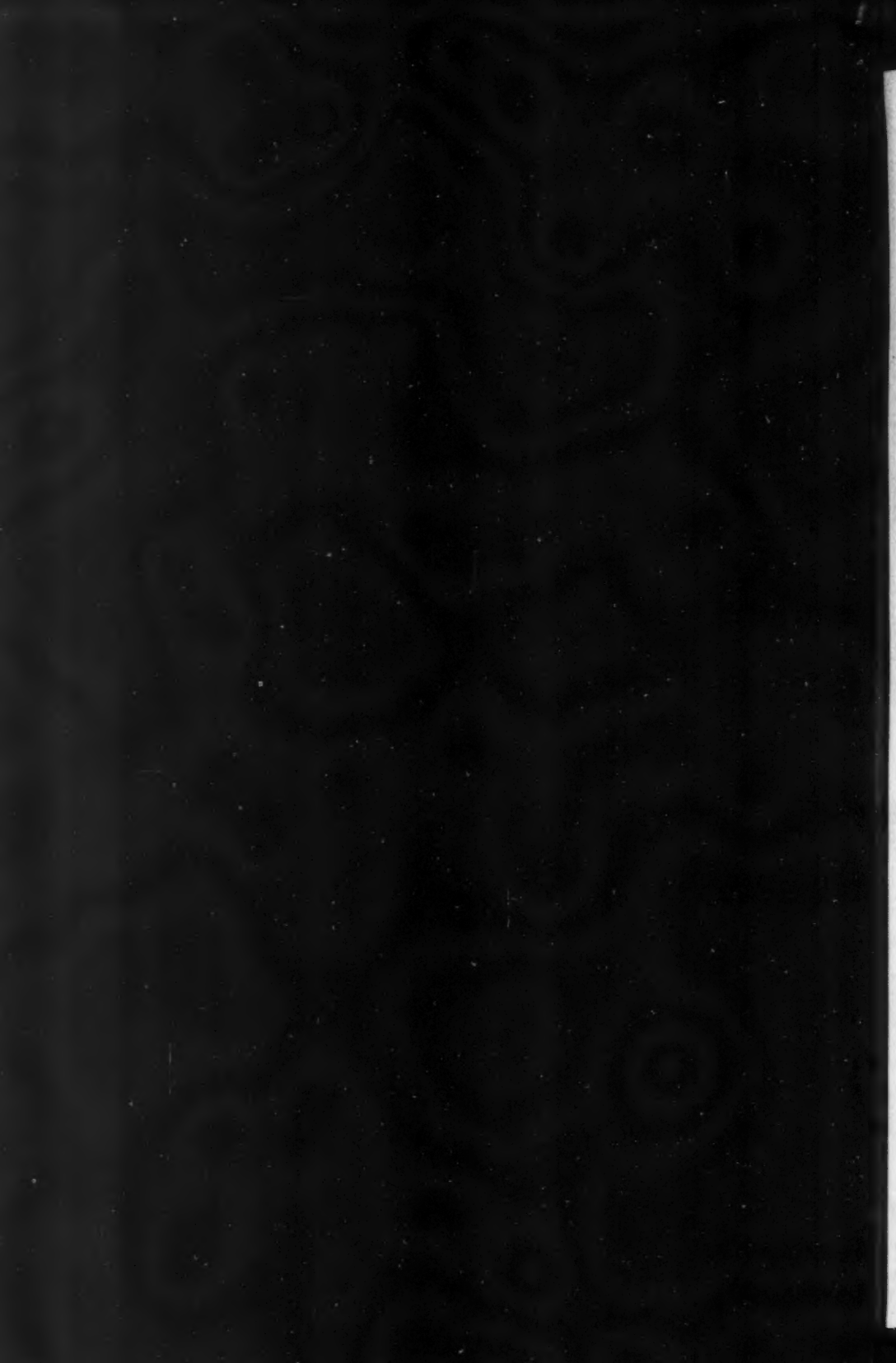
suggested by Dr. Broca, who, whilst he believed that the operation was primarily conducted for therapeutic purposes, saw behind these the apprehension of a supernatural or demoniacal influence. Readers of Lenormant's "Chaldean Magic" will remember "the wicked demon which seizes the body, which disturbs the body," and that "the disease of the forehead proceeds from the infernal regions, it is come from the dwelling of the lord of the abyss." With such an antiquated record before us it is, therefore, by no means an extravagant theory to broach, as Dr. Broca has done, that many of the convulsions of childhood, which disappear in adult life, were regarded as the result of demoniacal possession. This being granted, what more natural than to assist the escape of the imprisoned spirit by boring a hole in the skull which formed his prison. When a patient survived the operation he became a living witness to the conquest of a fiend, and it is comprehensible that a fragment of his skull taken after death from the very aperture which had furnished the exit would constitute a powerful talisman. Chaldean demons, as we know, fled from representatives of their own hideous forms, and, if they were so sensitive on the score of personal appearance, others may have dreaded with equal keenness the tangible record of a previous defeat. It is certain that to cranial bones medicinal properties were ascribed, a belief in the efficacy of which persisted to the dawn of the eighteenth century; whilst, in recent years, such osseous relics were worn by aged Italians as charms against epilepsy and other nervous diseases. When once the dogma was promulgated that sanctity and a perforated skull were correlated, fond relatives might bore the heads of the departed to facilitate the exodus of any malignant influence still lingering within, and to ensure them, by the venerated aperture, a satisfactory position in their new existence. For similar reasons the bone amulet was buried with the deceased, and sometimes it

was even placed within his skull. Dr. Munro considers it hard to say for what purpose such an insertion should have been made, but, arguing from his data, the practice does not appear to me difficult of explanation. He has shown that disease was the work of a demon imprisoned in the skull; that this demon was expelled through the trepanned hole; and that its margins were thus sanctified for talismanic purposes. The unclean spirit was gone out of the man, and observation showed that, during the man's earthly existence, he did not return; but what guarantee was there that in the dim unknown region to which the deceased was passing the assaults of the evil one might not be renewed, that he might not return to his house whence he came out, and, with or without other spirits more wicked than himself, enter in and dwell in the swept and garnished abode? Surely, with such a possibility before them, it was the duty of pious mourners to offer all the protection that religion could suggest, and to defend the citadel with that potent amulet which recorded the previous discomfiture of the besieger. The *post mortem* trepanning may have been such a pious endeavor to carry sacramental benefits beyond the grave, as induced the early Christians to be baptized for the dead, and, if there be truth in the deductions which have been made from the evidence, they point not only to a belief in the supernatural and in the existence of a future state, but also to that pathetic struggle of human love to penetrate the kingdom of death, which has persisted from the death of "Cain, the first male child, to him that did but yesterday expire."

The possibility of reasonably making such deductions from a few decayed bones is a remarkable proof of the progress of anthropological science. Should any readers regard these deductions as unwarranted, they must remember that their value is dependent upon a series of facts which can here only be but very imperfectly reproduced.

FRANK REDE FOWKE.

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